

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1880.

THE REV. MANLY BENSON.*

THE subject of this sketch belongs to the younger generation of the ministers of the Methodist Church of Canada. His life-story furnishes lessons for the emulation of the youth of our country, as showing what may be accomplished, without the aid of any special advantages or assistance, by means of indomitable energy and industry, accompanied by the providential guidance and blessing of God. Manly Benson was born in the year 1842, in Prince Edward County, Ontario, from which garden county of Canada so many Methodist ministers have hailed. He comes of the old U. E. Loyalist stock, who were the early founders of Canadian nationality on the beautiful banks of the Bay of Quinté. To this may be attributed the sturdy mental and moral, as well as physical, fibre by which he is characterized. The great element, however, in the development of his character, was his early conversion to God. This took place when he was ten years of age, at a special service held by the late Rev. Joseph Reynolds, then Superintendent of the Demorestville Circuit. He thus grew up under the fostering influences of the Sabbath-school, the class-meeting, the public and social means of grace. He has been saved by these influences from the many perils which beset the feet of the young and unwary, and has been spared the bitterness of mourning a youth wasted in rebellion

* The portrait of the Rev. Manly Benson, which accompanies this sketch, is executed by the enterprising firm of R. Raw & Co., of Hamilton, lithographers and engravers. As lithograph engravers, we think we are safe in saying that their work is not excelled by any firm in the Dominion.

against God, and in sowing the seeds of remorse and sorrow in after years. For twenty-eight years he has walked in fellowship with God's people and His Church ; and to these hallowed associations, we doubt not, he would attribute all the good that he has received or accomplished.

His parents removed to the town of Newburgh, where young Benson received a good education at the Newburgh Academy, and prepared himself for the work of a teacher. In this employment he remained for a few years, at the same time continuing his studies with the principal of the Academy.

The piety and cultivated talent of the young teacher commended him to the notice of the Methodist Church of the place in which he lived, and having undergone the preliminary training in Christian work as a local preacher, he was recommended by the Official Board of the Newburgh Circuit for the Christian ministry. He was "received on trial" in 1863, and made his first acquaintance with the activities of the work in the western extremity of the Canadian peninsula. For four years he travelled successively as junior preacher, according to Cornish's Handbook, on the Romney, Chatham, Windsor, and Sarnia circuits. Having given full proof of his ministry, and passed with credit all the prescribed examinations, he was received into full connexion and ordained at the Hamilton Conference of 1867. He then travelled, as Superintendent, the Ridgetown, Newbury, and Cookville circuits. After one year on the latter, he was invited to the Centenary Church, Hamilton, as colleague of the Rev. W. J. Hunter. He spent three years in Hamilton, the last of which was signalized by the building of the elegant and commodious Zion Tabernacle. He has since gone by invitation, for three years each, to Stratford and St. Thomas.

Our esteemed brother has not been without those marks of the Divine approval which every true-hearted Methodist preacher covets with a godly avarice, as the chiefest of earthly blessings. On every circuit and station on which he has laboured, he has had "seals to his ministry and souls for his hire," and the temporalities, as well as the spiritualities, of the Church have greatly prospered. The printed statement of the trustees of the St. Thomas Church for the past year, for instance, exhibit an addition to the Church of 127 members, and a net increase of 100, and a present membership of 300, which is just double that of

two years ago. To accommodate this increased membership, the already handsome church, in which the Conference of 1878 was held, has been enlarged at a cost of \$3,500, all of which will be paid in the present ecclesiastical year. Nor is this extension at the expense of the Connexional funds, the increase to these during the year being \$450.

Mr. Benson has also very largely enjoyed the advantages of travel, both throughout the Dominion of Canada and in foreign lands. In company with the Rev. Dr. Punshon, in 1871, he crossed the continent, and beheld the wonders of the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevadas, the Geyser Springs, the Yosemite, and Salt Lake City. He also enjoyed the pleasures, or endured the pains, whichever it was, of a sea voyage on the Pacific, and visited Victoria, New Westminster, Fort Yale, and other places on the Pacific coast. During the past year Mr. Benson crossed the Atlantic and made a still more extended tour through France, Italy, Switzerland, South Eastern Germany, Belgium, Great Britain, and Ireland. He was, by invitation, the guest of Dr. Punshon in London, whose many kindnesses assisted him much in "doing" old London.

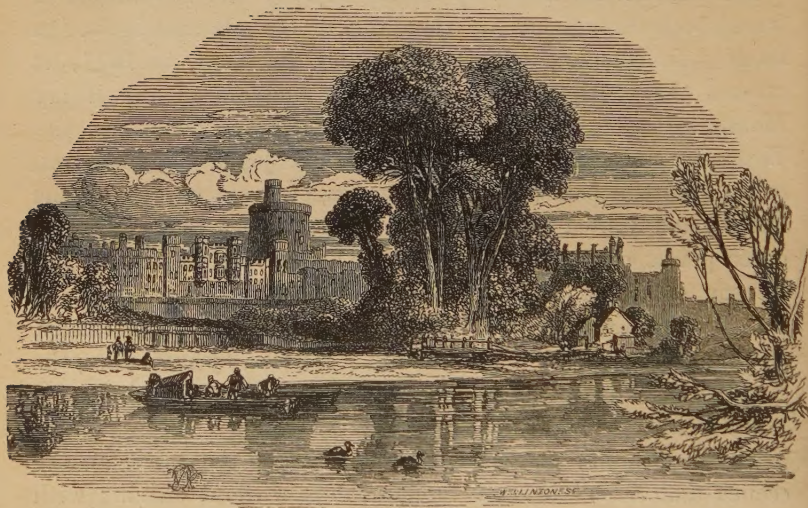
Mr. Benson has not been content to enjoy the spirit-stirring scenes and associations of foreign lands without sharing with others the advantages to be derived from them by a thoughtful mind. He has communicated pleasure and profit to delighted audiences in the principal towns and cities of Western Canada by his eloquent lectures on "The Wonders of the Yosemite," "Across the Continent," "British Columbia," and more recently on "Memories of Rome," "Switzerland," "In Rhineland," and on London, Paris, Italian cities, and other allied topics. He is also an earnest worker in the Temperance reform, the Sunday-school cause, and every good object. Mr. Benson is still young, and if life and health be granted him gives promise of great and growing usefulness in the Church of his choice and of his ardent attachment, from which offers of greater emolument in other communions have failed to detach him.

Since he left school in his boyhood, he has "paddled his own canoe," having supported himself during the long period of his preparation for the higher duties of life and for the Christian ministry. He is thus, in an emphatic sense, a self-made man.

A CANADIAN IN EUROPE.

WINDSOR, RICHMOND, KEW.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.



WINDSOR CASTLE FROM ETON.

ONE of the most delightful excursions from London is that to Windsor and Eton. When weary of the rush and the roar, the fog and the smoke of the great city, a half-hour's ride will take one through some of the loveliest pastoral scenery of England to the quiet and ancient royal borough, where everything speaks only of the past. I spent the rainy days in the galleries and museums, and took advantage of the rare sunny ones to run out to Windsor, Hampton Court, the Sydenham Palace, and other suburban excursions. When the sun does shine in England, it lights up a landscape of richest luxuriance and most vivid verdure. Nowhere have I seen such magnificent oaks and elms, such stately beeches and chestnuts, as in Windsor and Bushy Parks; nor such soft, springy, velvet-looking lawns. "How ever can I get such a lovely lawn as you have?" said an American lady to an Oxford Fellow. "Nothing is easier, madam," he

replied; "you have only to roll it and mow it for a couple of hundred years."

Before one enters on the rural paradise that surrounds London, he must pass through a dreary region of hideous deformity. For some distance the railway passes on a viaduct over the suburban streets. Anything more ugly than the hundreds of acres of blackened chimney-pots and red-tiled roofs and narrow alleys and crowded dwellings of London's poor, in the manufacturing district on the south of the Thames, it would be hard to conceive. But soon we emerge from this Arabia Petræ of London's stony streets to the Arabia Felix*

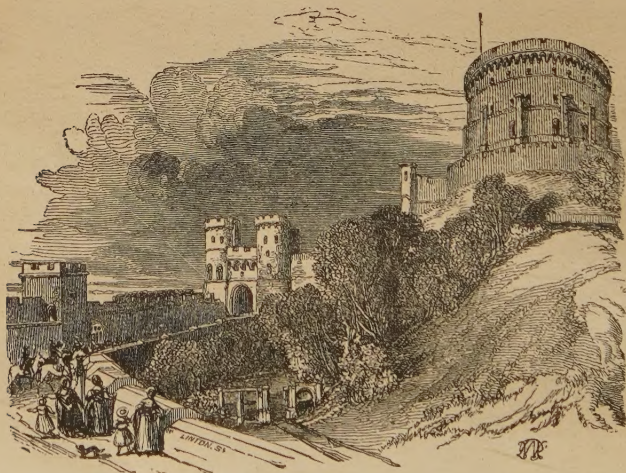


DISTANT VIEW OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

of her engirdling parks and villas and hedgerows and gardens. We approach the Thames at Putney, where Thomas Cromwell and Gibbon were born and where William Pitt died, and pass Richmond and Twickenham, with their memories of Walpole and Pope. Skirting Richmond Park we cross the winding Thames to Kingston, where several of the ancient sovereigns of England

* For this happy phrase we are indebted to Dr. Nelles admirable address before the English Wesleyan Conference.

were crowned. Soon the mighty keep and lofty towers of Windsor Castle, one of the largest and most magnificent royal residences in the world, come in view as we skirt its noble park. The most striking feature is the great round tower, dominating from its height on Castle-hill like a monarch from his throne the grand group of lower buildings. Dating back to the days of William the Conqueror, what a story those venerable walls could tell of the tilts and tourneys, the banquets and festivals, marriages and burials of successive generations of English sovereigns! And over it waved in heavy folds on the languid air that red cross banner which is the grandest symbol of order and liberty in the wide world. Here to this winding



NORMAN GATE AND ROUND TOWER, WINDSOR.

shore—whence, say the antiquarians, the name Windlesore, shortened to Windsor—came, eight hundred years ago, the Norman Conqueror, and during all the intervening centuries here the sovereigns of England have kept their lordliest state—the mighty Castle growing age by age, a symbol of that power which broadens down from century to century, firm as this round tower on its base, when thrones were rocking and falling on every side.

I obtained a ticket of admission to the Castle from the cheerful-faced saleswoman in a bookstore. She made no charge for the ticket, but offered for sale a book of plates, which forms a very pleasant souvenir of my visit. One enters first through

a frowning gateway in a massive tower into an irregular quadrangle, flanked by the lovely gothic St. George's Chapel, and the Dean's Close—a delightfully quiet and sequestered group of buildings with timbered walls in the old English style—and a long range of "knights' apartments." The chapel dates from 1474. In the chancel are the stalls of the Knights of the Garter, emblazoned with their arms, and overhead hang their dusty banners. Adjoining the chapel is the royal mausoleum,

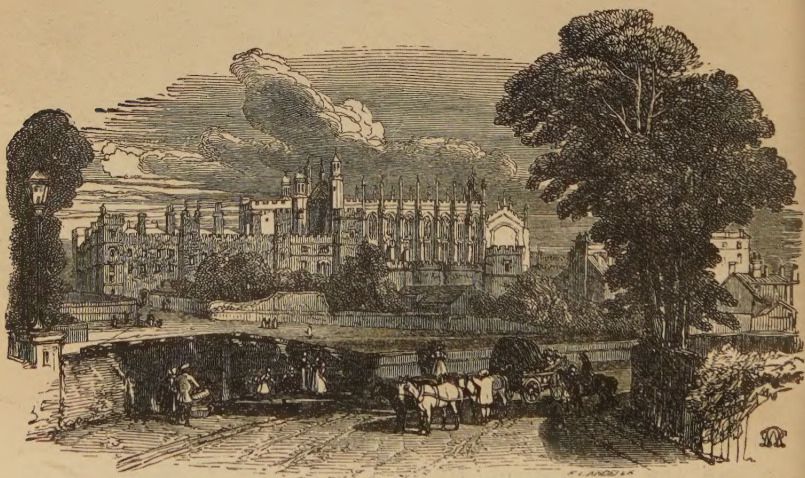


ETON COLLEGE, FROM NORTH TERRACE, WINDSOR.

in which, surrounded by the splendours of their palace home, repose the remains of Henry VI., Edward I., Henry VIII., Charles I., George III., George IV., William IV., and other royal personages—a perpetual reminder that *sic transit gloria mundi*. The deathless love of the sorrowing Queen has made this chapel an exquisite memorial of the virtues and piety of the late Prince Consort.

The upper ward is a large and rather gloomy quadrangle, entered through a Norman gateway, surrounded by the state apartments and the Queen's private apartments. The former only may be seen. Visitors are conducted in groups by a rather pompous attendant, who feels to the full the dignity of his office. The state-rooms contain some fine paintings, but the barriers of cord leave only a narrow passage, and the guide hurries one through in a rapid and perfunctory manner, so

that the visit is rather unsatisfactory. It is quite a shock to one's susceptibilities also to hear such a faultlessly attired gentleman drop his h's in such a promiscuous manner. We are led in succession through the Queen's audience chamber, and presence chamber, and guard chamber, and many another filled with elegant tapestries and the like. St. George's Hall, in which state banquets are held, is 200 feet long, and is gay with the gold and gules and azure of royal and knightly arms. The VanDyck room is rich in royal portraits, that almost speak, by that great painter. The noble terraces—one is a third of a mile long—command lovely views of the royal gardens and park—rich in flowers, fountains, statuary, and stately trees. Herne's famous



ETON COLLEGE AND CHAPEL.

oak, celebrated in Shakspeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor," a few years ago blew down, but the Queen planted another in its place.

One climbs by a narrow stair in the thickness of the solid wall to the battlements of the ancient keep, long used as castle palace—here James I. of Scotland was confined—then as a prison. From the leads is obtained one of the finest views in England, extending, it is said, into twelve counties. At the base is the deep moat, once filled with water, now planted with gay beds of flowers. Like a map beneath us lie the many suites of buildings, the Royal Gardens, the Home Park, the Great Park, and the Long Walk and Queen Anne's Ride—two magnificent

avenues, nearly three miles long, of majestic elms. Under the bright September sunlight it was a grand symphony in gold and green.

The English are wonderfully fond of horses and dogs. One of the things, therefore, which one must not fail to do at Windsor is to visit the royal "mews," or stables—so called from the "mews" or coops in which the royal falcons were kept, three hundred years ago—such is the persistence of names in this old land. Grooms in very glossy hats, and with eyes keenly expectant of fees, do the honours of the splendid establishment, built at the cost of £70,000, which is, of course, kept scrupulously neat. Many of Her Majesty's lieges would be only too happy to be as well cared for as Her Majesty's horses and hounds.

A few minutes' walk from Windsor is Eton College, the most famous of English public schools. The young Etonians, who represent the very bluest blood in England, swarm about Windsor—there are 900 in attendance—in turn-over collars and stove-pipe hats, and are an odd combination of frolic and precocious dignity. "It is not fine clothes that make a gentleman," said a mother to her Eton boy. "No, mamma, I know it; it's the *hat*," was his reply. But see these boys at cricket when the "stove-pipes" are tossed aside, and a more manly set of lads you will not often find. "It was here," the Duke of Wellington used to say, "that Waterloo was won." And here for over 400 years the proudest peers of England have been trained.

Near Windsor is the sequestered church-yard of Stoke-Pogis, rendered memorable for ever by Gray's pensive elegy:

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

Their name, their age, spelt by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply,
And many a holy text around she strews
To teach the rustic moralist to die.

This beautiful "God's acre" now contains the poet's grave, as also that of his brother-poet Waller, and the eloquent Burke.

I took the train to Richmond, and then walked down the winding Thames to Kew. Nothing in England surprised me more than

the size of the parks in and near the great city, where land is more precious than anywhere in the world. Here is Richmond Park of 2,255 acres. Windsor Park is still larger. Bushy Park, near by, has 11,000 acres. Epping Forest, twelve miles from London, contains 3,000 acres. Hyde Park and Regent's Park, in the heart of London, comprise nearly 1,000 acres.

Richmond is a charming town, climbing the steep slopes which overlook the winding Thames. It has that comfortable air of finish and maturity which shows that it has long ago reached its majority—so unlike our restless, growing Canadian towns. The comfortable villas, lovely lawns and gardens have such a delightful air of repose, as if here the eager rush of life was never



VIEW NEAR RICHMOND.

known. From the summit of the hill is one of the loveliest conceivable prospects of stately park, majestic trees, quaint old ivy-covered churches and placid reaches of the Thames, gay with white-winged pleasure-boats and joyous boating parties. This scene forms the subject of one of Turner's finest paintings in the National Gallery. The scene is thus pictured for us in the graphic lines of the poet Thomson :

Here let us trace the matchless vale of Thames,
Far-winding up to where the Muses haunt—
To Twickenham's bowers ; to royal Hampton's pile ;
To Claremont's terraced heights and Esher's groves.
Enchanting vale ! beyond whate'er the Muse
Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung.

The original and most appropriate name of the place was "Sheen," which means in old English "beautiful." Here Edward I. had a palace, rebuilt in 1499 by Henry VII., the founder of the Tudor dynasty, who named it Richmond from his ducal title. Bluff King Hal and Good Queen Bess often held their Courts in the old palace, and here, in 1603, the latter died



ON THE THAMES, NEAR RICHMOND.

—clinging pitifully to the last to a life which had been to her little else than a gilded misery. The palace was destroyed by order of the king-hating and iconoclastic Parliament in 1648, and all that now remains of the abode of royal splendour is a stone gateway on Richmond Green. Pembroke Lodge, in this park, was the seat of the veteran statesman, Lord John Russell; and the quaint old church contains the tombs of James Thomson, the poet of "The Seasons," whose liquid verse reflects the beauty of the surrounding scene, and of the famous actor, Edmund Kean. Near Richmond stands Sudbrook House, built by the great Duke of Argyll, immortalized by Scott as the scene of the interview of the Duke and Jeannie Deans. On the opposite bank of the Thames is the village of Twickenham, with its memories of Pope and Walpole. The poet's villa has, however, been replaced by another, and even the grotto in which he took such pleasure is greatly changed. Half a mile from Twickenham is Strawberry Hill, a strange, irregular gothic pile filled with books, pictures, armour, and a vast collection of artistic bric-a-brac.

A little further on rise "Claremont's terraced heights," haunted with painful memories of Clive, the Government clerk who "founded an empire where the foot of Alexander had trembled," and then returned to gnaw his heart at the ingratitude of his country, and seek rash refuge in self-slaughter. Hither, too, Leopold of Belgium brought his bride, the Princess Charlotte, the pet and pride of the British nation—to mourn after one brief year of wedded bliss her untimely fate. And hither, in later times, fled Louis Philippe, a refugee from the anger of his revolted subjects. What a lesson the stately halls and broad fair acres of the grand old park read of the vanity of earthly fame and glory!



ZION HOUSE.

After a pleasant lounge on the old stone bridge at Richmond, I walked down the Thames side as far as Kew, with its ancient palace and famous gardens. The gently sloping lawns and charming villas and old historic seats recalled Mrs. Hemans' lines:

The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand
Amid their tall ancestral trees
O'er all the pleasant land.

One of the most notable of these, Zion House, is an imposing pile. In the fifteenth century it was a nunnery, but is now the property of the Duke of Northumberland. The famous lion which used to ramp upon the top of Northumberland House, in Trafalgar Square, London, was removed hither when the town house of

the proud race of the Percys gave place to a modern hotel. The story is told that Theodore Hook once caused a remarkable sensation in the street by declaring that he saw the lion move his tail. Soon a great crowd collected; and the dispute between those who averred that the tail really moved and those who declared it did not almost created a riot. Not much more important are some of the great historic conflicts of the past. Near by is Isleworth, with its ivy-mantled old church tower; and a little further on, the palace of Kew, an unpretending large red-brick house, in old-fashioned grounds, the residence for many years of George III.

The glory of Kew is its Botanic Gardens—the finest in the world. They comprise over 300 acres, laid out with sylvan walks and drives, charming lakes and fountains, and magnificent gardens and conservatories. The palm-house is 362 feet long and 100 feet high, and beneath its lofty roof rise the feathery fronds of majestic oriental palms. I viewed with special interest the splendid Victoria lilies, with blossoms a foot in diameter, and great raft-like floating leaves four or six feet across. The



CLAREMONT.

strange whimsical-looking cacti, all prickles and knobs and brilliant blossoms, were very remarkable. Here are three museums, rich in the curious vegetable products of every clime—a collection of nature's freaks, and an object lesson in botany unequalled elsewhere in the world. I was glad to see the woody wealth of

Canada so well represented. Huge cross sections and thick planks of British Columbia pine, about eight feet in diameter, and polished specimens of the rich woods and other native growths, give a very favourable impression of the resources of England's greatest colony.

There had been, shortly before my visit, the most tremendous hail storm known in England for years; and many thousands of



ISLEWORTH CHURCH.

panes of glass in the greenhouses were destroyed, and many rare exotics greatly injured by the hail.

I rode back to London on the top of an omnibus, in the deepening twilight, through miles of elegant suburban streets, and then through miles of brightly-lighted, crowded city thoroughfares, weary but delighted with a day of rich instruction and pleasure.

SAY not, my soul, "From whence
Can God relieve my care?"
Remember that Omnipotence
Hath servants everywhere.

—*Lynch.*

CANADIAN METHODISM; ITS EPOCHS AND CHARACTERISTICS.

BY THE REV. DR. RYERSON.

Written at the request of the London, Toronto, and Montreal Annual Conferences.

ESSAY IX.—DIVISIONS IN THE WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH.

By the late Rev. John Ryerson, written at Brantford, 1864; with notes by E. Ryerson.

The Ryan Division—Hallowell Conference, 1824. In July of the year 1824, the first Canada Conference was held in Hallowell, now Picton. It was during this year that what were called the Ryan difficulties commenced; and because of the importance attached to this matter, I will here give some account of the origin, progress, and first consummation of this unhappy affair, until its termination in the organization of a separate body of Methodists, under the name of the "Canada Wesleyan Methodist Church."

For several years previous to 1824, the question of what was called the election of "Presiding Elders" was much agitated in many parts of the Methodist Episcopal Church. These Elders had always been, as they still are in the United States, appointed by the Bishops. The so-called reform sought for was to take away this power from the Bishops, and place it in the Annual Conferences—making the office elective. As none but the General Conference could effect this change in the Discipline of the Church, great exertions were used at the Annual Conferences to elect delegates to the General Conference who sympathized with, and would vote for, the "reform."

This was the case in the Genesee Conference, of which Canada then formed a part. Messrs. Ryan and Case, the two Presiding Elders in Canada, were strongly opposed to the electing of Presiding Elders by each Conference, and were consequently left out of the delegation, and the Rev. Isaac B. Smith and the Rev. Wyat Chamberlayne were elected to represent the Canada section of the Conference. At that time there was a large majority of the members of the Genesee Conference in favour of the contemplated reform. Mr. Case bore his defeat with apparent composure; not so Mr. Ryan, who was annoyed at the

defeat itself, and more so at the prospective changes in the mode of appointing Presiding Elders.

In the evening after the adjournment of the [Genesee] Conference, Mr. Ryan called a meeting of the preachers from Canada, with the exception of Mr. Case and such as were known to be favourable to the proposed reform. In this meeting, held in the open air, Mr. Ryan talked a great many things, the import of which I could not quite understand; but among other things, he said, "A dark cloud hung over the Church; that this pseudo-reform business would split the Church in pieces from end to end; that the people, especially in Canada, would never submit to it," etc., etc. By one of the preachers present it was observed, that "Methodists in Canada did not know or care much about the matter; and even if some agitation should arise, you, Elder Ryan and Elder Case, can easily keep all quiet." To this Mr. Ryan tartly replied that he knew better than other preachers did the state of feeling in Canada, and that *we* should get away from strife before it was meddled with.

Not long after this session of the Conference, there was a good deal of conversation and censorious feeling excited in the Church, in the bounds of Mr. Ryan's district—the Bay of Quinté District. Late in the autumn of the same year a Convention was called by Mr. Ryan, to meet at Hallowell, to take into consideration the state of the Church. Mr. Ryan did not notify the delegates to the General Conference to meet him, nor several of the travelling preachers. At this Convention, the question of separation from the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States was agitated, and resolutions favourable to a separation were ultimately adopted by a considerable majority. A Memorial founded on these resolutions was drawn up and signed, to be sent to the American General Conference, asking that body to set off the Methodists in Canada, and constitute them an independent Church. Messrs. Ryan, Case, and David Breakenridge, sen., were appointed a delegation to present and advocate the said Memorial.

With the prayer of this Memorial the General Conference did not altogether comply, but instead set off Canada as an "Annual Conference of the M. E. Church in Canada." The first Conference was appointed to be held the 21st day of the following August, 1824. In reply to the petition of the Canadian memo-

realists for a separation, the General Conference said that "they thought such a measure at present would be premature; that sufficient time had not been given to consider the important changes asked for; that vastly momentous measures should not be hastily adopted. In the meantime they had set apart the Canada part of the Genesee Conference as a separate Conference; that during the four years that would intervene between that time and the next General Conference, the Canada brethren would manage their own matters as an Annual Conference; that this would give them full time to deliberate, and better prepare them to conduct their affairs as an independent Connexion, should the taking of such a position be ultimately judged desirable."

This decision of the General Conference by no means pleased Mr. Ryan, who returned to Canada much chafed and disappointed. He complained loudly of the treatment which he and his colleague, Mr. Breakenridge, had received [Mr. Case having declined to go]; he declared that it was the determination of the American Conference never to set off Canada, but to hold the Societies under their control to the last!

But a short time elapsed before there was a great amount of uneasiness created within the bounds of the Bay of Quinté District, which then extended from Port Hope to Ottawa, and the next thing heard of respecting this affair was the assembling of a Convention of Local Preachers of the Bay of Quinté District, for the purpose of taking into consideration the state of the Methodist Societies in Canada.

Mr. Ryan was known to be the mover and promoter of this Convention, during the sittings of which he was on hand in the neighbourhood, though he avoided meeting publicly with the local preachers. The result of these deliberations was the passing of a number of resolutions, the purport of which was, declaring themselves separated from the M. E. Church in the United States. They also sent out an address to the travelling and local preachers, as also to the members of the Church, calling upon them to unite in forming the Methodist Societies in Canada into a separate and independent Church. Agents were sent out, and meetings were called in most of the principal places within the limits of the Conference, but especially within the bounds of Mr. Ryan's district, who not only headed, but with great activity urged on the movement with all possible haste.

Meetings after meetings, principally in the country east of York (now Toronto), made declarations in favour of the local preachers' movements ; and everything for the time seemed to indicate that the schism would be a very extensive one.

In the meantime information was communicated to the Bishops of the Church of these doings in Canada ; and pressing requests were sent for them to lose no time in visiting this distracted part of their ecclesiastical charge. Accordingly, Bishops George and Hedding, and Dr. Bangs, made arrangements to come to Canada without delay, so as to visit as many Circuits as possible previously to the assembling of our Conference, which was to take place the 26th of August. Bishop George entered the province at its eastern extremity, where he met Elder Case. Bishop Hedding and Dr. Bangs came into the western part of the province. These two deputations (if I may so call them) visited as many Circuits as possible during their very limited time—everywhere preaching and meeting the Societies, and explaining to them the whole matter of the General Conference respecting Canada, and the views and feelings of the bishops and ministers of the General Conference of the M. E. Church respecting that branch of it situated in Canada. These explanations corrected the erroneous impressions the people had received, and proved entirely satisfactory to them. Those who had declared themselves separated from the Church, with the exception of some half a dozen local preachers (who, as Bishop Hedding said, having *tasted* the *pie* of power [as they supposed] did not like to be driven from so sweet a meal),—excepting these few, all retraced their steps, and returned to the fellowship of the Church with more speed and unanimity than they had gone out of it.

This sudden and great revolution of feeling much surprised and disconcerted Mr. Ryan. Bishop George and Elder Case met Mr. Ryan at Mr. Hawley's, near the village of Bath, on the Bay of Quinté Circuit. Mr. Ryan appeared much disconcerted and humbled, for he saw that his plans were being defeated ; and in conversation with Bishop George, he said, "I am in your power ; I throw myself upon your generosity ; I leave myself in your hands ; perhaps I have erred and sinned, but I hope my misdoings are not beyond the reach of forgiveness."

Bishop George's deportment towards Mr. Ryan on this occasion was of the most conciliatory character ; he did everything he con-

sistently could to heal Mr. Ryan's wounded feelings, as also did Bishop Hedding and Dr. Bangs at the Conference—endeavouring to reconcile differences between him and other ministers, and to bring back peace to the Church. The Conference, as before stated, was held at Hallowell, now Picton, the 26th day of August, Bishops George and Hedding alternately presiding, accompanied by Dr. Bangs. Numbers of local preachers and laymen from different parts of the province were also present as visitors; very great interest being universally felt relative to pending matters, and the result of the deliberations of Conference.

During a part of the year before the Conference there had been serious differences between Mr. Ryan and Mr. W. Chamberlayne, Superintendent of Bay of Quinté Circuit. Mr. Ryan had preferred charges, or caused them to be preferred, against Mr. Chamberlayne, and by a Committee selected by himself, had suspended him. When the matters of complaint against Mr. Chamberlayne were brought up in Conference, they were found to consist of the veriest trifles, and the whole affair was dismissed from the Conference. Mr. Chamberlayne had also preferred a series of charges against Mr. Ryan, and had sent them in a letter to Mr. Ryan by one of the preachers, who informed Mr. Ryan, on delivering the letter to him, that it was from Mr. Chamberlayne. On Mr. Ryan's name being called in the examination of character, Mr. Chamberlayne said that he had preferred charges against Mr. Ryan, and was now prepared for their investigation. Mr. Ryan then rose, and, with some apparent surprise, said, "Charges! charges! I know nothing about Mr. Chamberlayne's charges. I never received any from him." Mr. Ryan added, "Some time ago, Brother —— put into my hand a letter, saying it was from Mr. Chamberlayne. Supposing it to contain some of his usual invectives, or abuse, I put it in my pocket and never read it." Mr. Chamberlayne was then called upon to read his charges, but he had kept no copy of them, and had none to read. He requested Mr. Ryan to produce them, but Mr. Ryan again replied, "I say I know nothing about your accusations, and if I had my pocket full of them I would not read them for you. It is for you to find and read your own charges." The presiding bishops decided that Mr. Chamberlayne must produce and read his own charges; at which Mr. Chamber-

layne seemed confounded, and looked foolish, while the members of the Conference all laughed. The matter, however, was "laid over," and time allowed Mr. Chamberlayne to furnish himself and Mr. Ryan with the Bill of Complaints. When the matter again came up before the Conference, Mr. Ryan objected that he had not had the timely notice which the Discipline required, and that he protested against being "twitched" up before the Conference in that manner without proper previous citation. At this stage of the proceedings the Bishops and Dr. Bangs interposed their good offices, and so far succeeded in reconciling differences and conciliating parties as, outwardly at least, to settle the dispute, and in a measure to heal the wounds Mr. Ryan's character then passed.

It was not considered desirable by the Bishops and their advisers to appoint Mr. Ryan again as Presiding Elder, but Mr. Ryan was unwilling to take a Circuit; and arrangements were therefore made to designate a certain region of country situated between the upper waters of the Chippewa River and the lower part of the Grand River, a "Mission," and Mr. Ryan was this year appointed "Missionary to the Chippewa and Grand River and the destitute settlements in those parts." He accepted this appointment, his family residing on his own farm a few miles north of Chippewa River.

The Rev. Thomas Madden was appointed Presiding Elder on the district; and as Mr. Ryan and he had been warm friends and fellow-labourers in the ministry for many long and toilsome years, it was hoped now that all things would go on pleasantly and peacefully, and that unity would be restored to the Church. But unfortunately it was not the case. Only a few months passed before differences arose between these aged ministers, which towards the close of the Conference year produced a total estrangement between them, and culminated in mutual criminations, until at last they preferred charges against each other. These charges were brought up for investigation at the Conference held at the Fifty Mile Creek, near Grimsby, the 14th of September, 1825. The time of this Conference was much occupied in listening to the disputes, etc., between Messrs. Ryan and Madden. At length matters were finally adjusted so as to afford some ground of hope that peace and quietness might once more be enjoyed, at least among the preachers. Mr. Ryan,

according to his request, received a superannuated relation. During this year Mr. Ryan was most of the time travelling through the country, visiting the people and holding meetings in various places—trying to create a belief in the minds of the people that he was a persecuted man ; that the itinerant preachers were combined against him, seeking to destroy him ; that the Bishops of the American Methodist General Conference would never set off Canada ; that the postponement of the measure from 1824 to 1828, for consideration, was a mere ruse for the purpose of gaining time preparatory to stifling the thing altogether ; that if ever the Societies in Canada were set off, they would have to set themselves off.

There also appeared in print this year an anonymous “circular,” or pamphlet, which was extensively circulated among the Societies throughout the country. This circular-pamphlet professed to give a true account of the difficulties between Messrs. Ryan and Madden, and the proceedings of the Conference in relation to them. It made gross attacks upon the character of Mr. Madden and his family ; that the preachers threw a cloak over the falsehoods of Mr. Madden and irregularities of his family, and, indeed, that most of the travelling preachers were no better than Mr. Madden himself.

The author of this pamphlet-circular also accused the Conference of malpractices and tyranny, and of sacrificing to selfishness the interests and welfare of the people.

The Conference of 1826 met in the township of Hamilton, north of Cobourg, Newcastle District, August 31st, under the presidency of Bishop George. The preachers generally were greatly troubled and dissatisfied, owing to the anonymous pamphlet-circular and general conduct of Mr. Ryan ; but more because several of them sympathized with him, secretly abetting his doings, and some of them openly apologizing for many things he did, and which could not be defended. Still no one seemed to know, or felt able to suggest, any plan by which the evils could be remedied.

The authorship of the incendiary pamphlet-circular could not be positively proved, nor the mode and agency of its circulation be certainly ascertained ; although, perhaps, *no one* had any doubt that to Mr. Ryan belonged both the authorship and the circulation. Still nothing respecting the matter was done during this Conference ;

and Mr. Ryan was again returned as "superannuated;" and for another year he derived more or less of his support from the Church which he was now labouring to destroy.

In the course of the following year another pamphlet-circular made its appearance—more insolent and libellous than its predecessor. It attacked the Bishops, and referred to several other preachers by name, impugning their motives and charging them with downright immoralities. Among the preachers named were Messrs. Case, Madden, William Ryerson, and others; the whole Conference, with very few exceptions, were held up to reprobation and scorn.

There were some things in the matter and style of the pamphlet that clearly identified Mr. Ryan as its author, and many strong circumstantial evidences clearly proved that he had been concerned, if not chief agent, in its circulation. All these circumstances, together with the uneasiness, heart-burnings, and schisms they caused, induced Mr. Case to prefer charges against Mr. Ryan at the next Conference, which was held in Hamilton, Gore District, commencing the 30th of August, 1827—Bishop Hedding presiding. Dr. Bangs also attended. Mr. Case charged Mr. Ryan before the Conference with the authorship and circulation of the pamphlet-circular in question. Mr. Ryan did not deny the one or the other, but called upon his opponents (as he styled Mr. Case and others) to prove their allegations, saying that every man was held to be innocent until he was proved to be guilty. After a very careful investigation of the whole matter, the Conference judged Mr. Ryan guilty of the allegations preferred against him, and directed that he should be reproved and admonished by the Bishop in presence of the Conference. The admonitory address of Bishop Hedding was in language and manner most kind and affectionate, but was received by Mr. Ryan with many marks of dissatisfaction and unsubmission.

Next morning a note was received by the Bishop from Mr. Ryan, announcing his withdrawal from the Conference. A Committee was appointed to wait upon him, to try and soften his feelings, and persuade him from his purpose of leaving the Church; but he was quite inexorable, saying that he had not left, nor did he intend to leave, the Church; he had only withdrawn from the Conference. He expressed a desire, however,

once more to speak to the Conference, which request was readily granted. This interview made matters worse; for in his address he endeavoured to justify all that he had stated in the circular-pamphlet, contending for the right of any member thus to defend himself when persecuted and injured. Mr. Ryan then retired, and thus ended his connection with our Church.

But not so the sore troubles and schisms which he subsequently occasioned. We have already stated that Mr. Ryan had for years assiduously spread the belief that the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States would never set off as an independent Church the Canada connection, and now he harped upon this string more than ever. The domination of Republican Methodism, the tyranny of Yankee Bishops, the fallen state and corrupt character of the preachers in Canada, were the themes of his story, and the subjects of his laments in public and private. Had not the American General Conference, at this time, amicably set off the Canadian Conference and Methodists as an independent Church, no doubt the schism would have been extensive, and Mr. Ryan might have found himself at the head of a large body of followers. As it terminated, all his plans in this respect were defeated.

At the Canada Conference of 1827, it being the last previous to the meeting of the American General Conference to be held in Pittsburg, State of Pennsylvania, May 1st, 1828, five delegates were elected to constitute the proportion of the Canada Conference to the General Conference. The following were chosen—namely, Samuel Bolton, W. Chamberlayne, John Ryerson, William Ryerson, William Slater. A memorial was sent to the General Conference from Canada, petitioning for a separation from the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States. The Canadian delegates were instructed to use their best endeavours to obtain the organization of an independent Methodist Church in Canada in fraternal connection with the Church in the United States. This subject was most carefully considered, and lengthily and earnestly debated by Drs. Bangs, Fisk, Capers, Early, Winings, and several others, besides two or three of the Canadian delegates. Ultimately, by a vote of about two-thirds of the General Conference, the measure was carried, authorizing the Canada Conference to form itself into a separate independent Church. One or more of the Bishops was directed to ordain any one as Bishop of the Canadian Connexion

who might be elected by the Canada Conference for that office. This intelligence having been officially conveyed to Mr. Ryan, he appeared greatly confounded, and for a time remained apparently undecided as to what course he would pursue. The ministers were encouraged to hope that he would reconsider the course of his proceedings, retrace his way back to the Church, and again become as useful as formerly. But these flattering expectations were doomed to painful disappointment. Only a short time elapsed before Mr. Ryan was again traversing the country, everywhere declaring that he was a member of the Methodist Church ; that he had never withdrawn from it, but had only separated from the preachers of the Conference, by whom he considered that he had been most basely treated, and cruelly persecuted ; that for his conduct and character he was responsible to the Church, and that if he could have a fair trial by its membership, he would abide by their decision whatever it might be. All he wanted was a full investigation and a fair trial. In order for this, he proposed that there should be a Convention of lay members held on each of the two districts—namely, the Niagara and Bay of Quinté Districts. The Conventions were to be composed of delegates from the several Circuits, to meet in some convenient place in each district. Many of the members of the Church entered into Mr. Ryan's views, by acquiescing in his proposal. One of these Conventions was appointed to meet in Copetown, in the Gore District, and the other was to meet in Hallowell (now Picton), in the District of Prince Edward.

These Conventions were wholly illegal ; and the Presiding Elders and most of the preachers opposed them ; but a considerable number of very respectable and influential members in a majority of the Circuits (who had known Mr. Ryan in former years) had been induced to favour them ; so that they were convened. After carefully considering the matter in all its bearings, it was thought advisable for J. and E. Ryerson to attend the Convention at Copetown. I was the Presiding Elder on the District, and E. Ryerson (his Superintendent having died) was then the minister in charge of the Circuit which embraced Copetown.*

* *Note by E. Ryerson.*—This Convention was presided over by the late Hugh Willson, Esq., of Saltfleet (an old friend of Mr. Ryan, but a true member of the Wesleyan Methodist Church), brother of the late John Willson, Esq., once Speaker of the House of Assembly, and formerly

It was perfectly clear, from the commencement of the proceedings of this Convention, that instead of Mr. Ryan being on his trial, it was his object to try and get a verdict against the Conference, and especially against certain of its members, bringing up many and grievous charges against them.

We attended closely every day, and allowed no allegations or statements of an injurious or false character against the Conference or preachers to pass unexamined, however painful the affair might be. The result proved very beneficial to the interests of the Church, in preventing any considerable schism, and in maintaining its unity and peace. The Convention decided *unanimously* against Mr. Ryan, and in perfect approval of the proceedings of the Conference respecting him.

This was a terrible blow to Mr. Ryan, to be condemned after eight days' investigation of all the matters of his complaints and accusations, and that by a Convention of laymen of his own getting up, and composed of his own chosen friends. Such a defeat would have discouraged most men; but Mr. Ryan's extreme self-willedness and indomitable resolution when he undertook anything, propelled him on, notwithstanding the entreaties of his friends to return to the Church, and become again useful and beloved as he had been many long years before he commenced this unhappy war upon his brethren.

The Hallowell (or Picton) Convention was appointed some two or three weeks after the Convention at Copetown. By the advice of Mr. Case and myself, Mr. E. Ryerson was instructed to proceed to Hallowell, although it cost him a long journey of some three hundred miles on horseback, at an inclement season of the year.*

member of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, but who had become dissatisfied and withdrew from the Church, and obtained grants from the Government to assist Mr. Ryan.

The Convention at Copetown lasted *eight* days, and decided *unanimously* against Mr. Ryan's statements and proceedings, and in vindication of the Conference and preachers impeached.

The late Ebenezer Griffin, of Waterdown, though immersed in the business of his mills, devoted the whole of eight days as Secretary of this Convention. Like his father, the late Smith Griffin, of Smithville, and like his distinguished son, the Rev. W. S. Griffin, he was a true man to the Church, and a liberal supporter of its institutions.

* *Note by E. Ryerson.*—Elder Case, the acting Superintendent of the Church, was then at Toronto, and gave me directions to inform him without

The proceedings and results of this Convention, which lasted nine days, were similar to those of the Convention at Copetown.

It was now thought that Mr. Ryan would desist from further agitation, and retire quietly into private life, or make his way back into the Church. Alas ! this was not the result ; he turned round upon the members of his own lay Conventions with as much or more bitterness of spirit than had marked his conduct before against the Conference and its members—impugning their motives by saying that they had been bought, and that money had blinded their eyes, and that justice would be avenged on

delay of the result of the Copetown Convention. At the close of the eighth day of the Convention, I got a copy of its decision, and proceeded about nine o'clock at night on horseback, and reached Toronto about eight o'clock next morning. When Mr. Case read the decision of the Convention he was greatly affected, and thanked God, with many tears, for His providence and goodness to His servants in the ministry and membership of the Church.

I urged the appointment of the late Rev. F. Metcalfe (then stationed minister in Toronto) to meet Mr. Ryan at his second Convention at Picton ; and went to bed, exhausted with the unceasing and painful labours of the previous eight days, and the preceding night's journey on horseback. When I awoke in the afternoon, I found that my horse had been shod, and that it had been decided that I must proceed to Hallowell. From my rule of duty, and ordination vows, to "reverently obey our chief ministers," and "submit to their godly judgments," I obeyed orders, but I could not refrain from tears at the hardness of my lot, and in view of the great fatigues and terrible contest that awaited me, especially unaided by the counsels of my ever trusted brother, the late John Ryerson. When I arrived at Hallowell, I found the whole community in a state of excitement, and that Mr. Ryan had assembled a Convention of his friends, and most of them his countrymen. who were so vehemently hostile to the Conference, that during the first four or five days of the Convention, when I rose to defend the Conference, Elder Case, Mr. Madden, etc., against the accusations of Mr. Ryan and his right-hand man, James Jackson, a majority of the members of the Convention turned their backs to me ; but I took no notice of this treatment, and proceeded calmly with the cause I had in hand, until about the fourth or fifth day of the Convention I observed a manifest change in the feelings of its members, several of whom came to me and asked pardon, with deep feeling, for the manner in which they had treated me. This Convention lasted nine days, and at the close decided in the strongest language, and unanimously, against Mr. Ryan's statements and proceedings, and in favour of the Conference and its accused members.

Thus by two juries of laymen, of his own selection, and each consisting of upwards of twelve men, were Mr. Ryan's statements and conduct condemned, and the objects of his accusations vindicated.

them for the sins which they had committed against him and the truth. He called upon the true Methodists and good people to join with him in reclaiming the fallen Church, and saving the country from political and religious ruin. The Rev. Isaac B. Smith (Mr. Ryan's son-in-law, but between whom and Mr. Ryan there had been variances for many years) and the Rev. James Jackson joined with him in exertions to create dissatisfaction and discord amongst the members of the Church.

A considerable number of Methodists now left the Church, and connected themselves with Mr. Ryan and his friends; so that before very long Mr. Ryan called another Convention for the purpose of organizing (as he said) a reformed and pure Church. At this Convention a constitution of Church government was adopted, providing for lay delegation, elective presidency, etc. After this, the work of making inroads into and dividing Methodist societies was pursued more systematically, but not more successfully than heretofore. This party (which was now called "Ryanite") employed several itinerant preachers, and during Mr. Ryan's life, and perhaps for a short time after, went on with some success, in some places. A few years, however, only elapsed when they began to dwindle and grow weaker and weaker; and had it not been for their becoming united with the "New Connexion Methodists" in England, they would probably ere this (1866) have been among the things which had been.

JUST AS WE MAKE IT.

WE must not hope to be mowers,
And to gather the ripe gold ears,
Until we have first been sowers,
And watered the ground with tears.

It is not just as we take it—
This mystical world of ours;
Life's field returns as we make it,
A harvest of thorns or flowers.

NATHANIEL PIDGEON, HIS DIARY.

A STORY OF EARLY METHODISM.

III.

MONDAY, JUNE 11.—'Tis strange that men will make their jest of the Evil One, yea, talk as if the Devil were only the dream of a sick brain, when in our own days, in our very midst, he goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. To-day, from one who formerly lived in S—— House, until driven from the service by her fears, I have received a particular relation of the noises, apparitions, and other occurrences, doubtless the work of the Powers of Darkness, which have rendered the house next to uninhabitable. The family scarce ever dwell there, but during their absence they are compelled to keep up nigh the full number of servants, for were they not made bold by company, none would stay there; and as things be, notwithstanding the high wages they receive, they are always changing. And, verily, methinks, strong faith in God the Father and our Lord Jesus Christ were needed for any one to tarry in the mansion with untroubled mind. If these accounts be true, 'tis like the Valley of the Shadow of Death; hobgoblins, satyrs, and dragons of the pit, howling and yelling, doleful voices, and the company of fiends.

The A——s of S—— were ever an ungodly and headstrong race, wholly given up to all manner of vice and villainy. The present squire is scarcely ever at S——, choosing rather to riot in London. But birds of the air betray the secrets of the great; and, verily, of his profligacy could no secret be made. 'Tis too notorious. The A—— of James the First's time, men say, sold his soul to the Evil One, writing the covenant with his own blood, drawn from the back of his left hand, which he had slashed with his dagger for the purpose. All his children born after this unholy deed bore, as it were, the scar of a like gash on their left hands, and it hath come down to their descendants. Thus doth the Lord even now suffer the Beast to put his mark on them that worship him. In the time of the late squire honest parents trembled for their children, and looked upon the Hall as the castle of a flesh-devouring ogre. And now it seems given up to the demons, as though it were their freehold, to work their will upon, and act their

antics. For it is strange how void of purpose appear many of their doings.

Some of the chamber doors at the Hall none can open, strive they never so hard, nor can others ever be shut. As soon as they seem about to close, they fly back with a violence that hath oft levelled those who would have closed them, with the ground. Stampings and shoutings have been heard in the dining-hall, but those who entered beheld no man. They saw only the chairs gathered about the dining-table, some tilted on their hind legs, and heard a babble of oaths and drunken laughter, and the calling of ribald toasts. Again, the sound of many feet hath been heard on an upper floor, but they who have gone up have seen no one. They have but heard the feet still beating in measure to the sound of fiddles, and felt the air stirred as by the motion of dancers. Feet pattering up and down the staircases and along the passages have likewise been heard, with screams and giggles. Lights have been blown out, as it were, by the rush past of unseen persons, who left a scent upon the air as of the perfume on flying locks; and at times, in still air, as out of mischief, when a light-bearer hath peeped into a dark closet and found no one therein. On the garret stairs there are plain marks of cloven hoofs, charred, as if stamped by burning feet. The Devil having been seen in form as a satyr, next turned into a rabbit, which was fired at, but, though the shot must have passed clean through it, ran on unharmed. In like manner, men in ancient garb found wandering about the premises after nightfall, have been shot at and run through with swords, but have gone on their way laughing, while their assailants have been felled and sorely beaten by unseen hands.

At times, now here, now there, a smell of brimstone fills the air, and if any of the dogs be present, they whine and sweat, and back to the shelter of the nearest human being, or else putting their tails between their legs, although of the fiercest breeds, they fairly run away, until having reached a safe distance, they lift up their muzzles and howl as if baying the moon. They keep many fierce dogs at the Hall, though surely he were a bold robber who would strive to break in there. Sometimes the Evil One appeareth in the form of a spotted dog, at other times in that of a dun poley, bullock, or of a horned, or of a fierce bear which, instead of hair, is covered with a dark wool on which the smell of fire hath passed.

Sometimes he tempteth in the form of a comely smiling damsel, who, when approached, turneth into a frowning wrinkled witch. One night, the housekeeper entertaining a gossip in her room, with the door locked through timorousness, suddenly the lights burned blue; and looking down they beheld a black cat walking from the door. It walked to the fender, mewed, stretched itself, and lay down upon a footstool, where it tarried for a while, and then arose and walked back to the door, against which it scratched after the manner of cats, until, after having looked back with eyes full of mocking malice (their green, said the housekeeper, seemed to burst into yellow flame), it made a leap at the keyhole, and when the candles burnt clear again, it was gone.

In many of the beds 'tis impossible to have a night's repose. Scarce hath the last stroke of twelve sounded when the bedding begins to heave like a troubled sea, or to buck like an unbroken horse. The curtains are drawn aside with a great rattle of the rings, and the rash man who hath ventured himself into the haunted room seeth a skeleton seated in a chair beside him, or peradventure a corpse, which slowly draws its hand from its mouldering shroud, and lays it, cold as ice, on that of the startled sleeper; or fiendish faces look in upon him in turns from behind the curtains; and if he still persist in remaining, the clothes are drawn from over him, the bed from under him, and finally he is dragged out and buffeted, and, at last, cast violently outside the door.

Doubtless a solemn adjuration in the name of God, uttered by the lips of a man of faith and holiness, might curb these wicked spirits; but 'tis seldom that a godly man finds himself within S—— House. Once only have I heard of their discomfiture by such a man. Their persecution having begun, in mysterious knockings running round the room, as soon as he knelt down to pray, after tarrying for a while upon his knees, he arose and said, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, I adjure thee by the living God that thou depart hence;" and thenceforth, throughout that night, there was peace. But scarce had the good man departed in the morning, when the Devil's knockings began again, with a vigour unusual by daylight, as if in exultation at being rid of his presence. Most terrible, however, are the clanking of chains, the groaning, the moaning, and the shrieks of torment, which are heard issuing, as it were, from the

bowels of the earth, in the darkness of the night. Some say there is at S—— a book in which, on the death of each squire, an unseen hand with an unseen pen inscribes his name, in characters which singe the paper, and the blots the pen maketh are of molten metal or boiling blood. But this seems to me an idle tale. Sure, the truth is sufficient dreadful.*

Mon. Sept. 3.—This day we have bound our Patty to Mrs. Spaul, the milliner and mantuamaker, in the Abbey Church-yard. I have laid the case before the Lord, but at times I fear that I have been too ready to take my wife's likings for the Spirit's leadings. The arrangement will be to our easement and the temporal advantage of the child, inasmuch as she will not only receive board and lodging and her clothes, but likewise a wage from the beginning of her second year of service, and Mistress Spaul is well able to teach her the trade, and afterwards advance her in the world—none better. My wife says 'twill be the making of the girl. God grant it prove not her undoing. She hath good looks, and is vain of them, and I fear her poor mother, dearly, doubtless, though she love her, hath fostered her folly. 'Tis true that "Beauty is but skin deep," "Handsome is that handsome does," and such-like sayings are ever on my wife's lips; but 'tis plain that she maketh a show of undervaluing good looks, because she takes as certain that all allow them to her. 'Tis scarce becoming in a woman of her age to bridle as she doth when folk say that they can see nothing of the father in Patty, that she is her own mother's child. Though, indeed, 'tis rather what her mother was, than what she is, that Patty calls to mind; and, to say truth, my little Jack, who is said most to feature me, is in my eyes, in his way, as well-favoured as any of my children.

'Tis strange the price which persons, otherwise of sense, put upon their faces, which a week's small-pox can turn to hideous masks. If a woman hath once been handsome she never forgets it, but to her dying day thinketh she is so still; and, verily, many born ugly are guilty of like folly. 'Tis true that Mistress Spaul hath promised to look after my child, and is reputed to be a motherly, and upright, as well as notable woman. But her thoughts are not as my thoughts, her ways as my ways, in these matters. And, moreover, there will be young fellow-workers to

* These and similar singular superstitions are mentioned in published Methodist journals of the unscientific age of which the author writes.

lead my child astray. I misdoubt me whether I have done that which is pleasing in the sight of God in thrusting her into the thick of the fire of folly with a heart untouched by grace. Even had she been built up in the faith 'twould have been a sore trial to her. My spirit is stirred within me when I see how the city is almost wholly given up unto frivolity. What a poor creature at bottom is this overbearing king of Bath,* on whose words men hang as on Herod's, as though not a man but a god had spoken. What will his laced coat and his white hat, his gilt coach and six grey horses, his running footmen, his outriders, and his trumpeters profit him at the last great day? Nay, what is he now but one fool to whom a crowd of bigger fools bow down? Doth not the Lord call him a fool that had made up his mind to take his ease, eat, drink, and be merry, forgetting that his soul would be required of him? "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Mr. Saunders tells me that a while since this great man was put to silence by an old woman. He had been speaking great swelling words of what he would do if Mr. John Wesley came to preach in his kingdom, and a great congregation had assembled to witness their meeting, most expecting that the quiet little clergyman would be utterly confounded by the blustering beau. Presently in he came swaggering and speaking words of folly; and when Mr. Wesley had exposed his ignorance of law and logic, still persisted in his demand to know why the Methodists had come together. Thereupon, from the poorer part of the congregation, there arose a voice, "Sir, leave him to me; let an old woman answer him. You, Mr. Nash, take care of your body; we take care of our souls; and for the food of our souls are we come here." And, answering her never a word, the great man slunk away. 'Tis easy to picture the perturbation among the silversmiths of pleasure when news got abroad that their Diana had been preached against, their Demetrius openly defied and discomfited. The young bloods buzzed about like angry wasps, exclaiming, "Which is he?" "Where is he?" as if minded, in spite of the cloth, to plunge their swords into the troubler of their peace. But when Mr. Wesley quietly answered, "I am he," they looked sheepish and held their tongues.

* The celebrated fop, "Beau Nash."

On one occasion Beau Nash insolently blustered against Mr. Wesley as a vile rebel and disturber of the peace. "Why do you thus deem me?" asked Wesley. "Because of your common reputation," answered the rude dandy. "I should be sorry to judge you by your common reputation," was the biting sarcasm of the reply.

Sat. 8.—Before going to business this morning I went to the Churchyard to see my daughter, and to say that, with her mistress's permission, I would call for her in the evening to convey her to her home to spend the Sabbath with us, promising that she should be back to her work betimes on Monday. I had purposed that it should so be settled when she was bound, but through oversight omitted to state my wish. To my sorrow Mistress Spaul raised objection, at which, to my greater sorrow, Martha manifested pleasure. Mistress Spaul hath promised that she shall attend the Abbey services twice in the day, and doubtless she will hear better sermons there than from our vicar, but all her day will not be spent at the Abbey nor in the house. I would fain have had her under her mother's eye. Even at the Abbey, moreover, I fear that she may fall in with bad example. In the week there is service twice a day, to which some of the fine ladies and gentlemen go much as to the Pump-room or the Assembly, and from what I witness, behave therein with as little reverence. I saw gentlewomen in their bathing-clothes carried in chairs to the baths, into which I have been told they descend to the sound of music, and when the attendants have placed their nosegays, their snuff-boxes, and handkerchiefs on floating trays, the gentlemen, leaning over from the gallery, pay them compliments upon their beauty. Methinks 'tis not a seemly spectacle in a Christian land. Some, verily, have no beauty left to be complimented on. I would that Patty could read the lesson writ in the face of the old Lady D——, a famous beauty in her day, but now 'tis a death's head covered with parchment, and she must put rouge upon the parchment. Not a tooth, and scarce a hair of her own hath she left, and yet is she as proud of her train of followers, who do but mock her, as if she were not seventy, but seventeen.

Of those I saw taking the waters, how many, I marvel, did it for their health's sake, how many for mere fashion? Truly, if we may judge from their grimaces, they pay a heavy tax for their modishness, offer liberal sacrifice to their divinity. In the coffee-

rooms sat the gentlemen, sipping their coffee, and tea, and chocolate, munching their buns and buttered rolls; and in the toy-shops the ladies reading the news and cheapening trinkets. And how would the day thus begun be finished? In public breakfasts, in concerts public and private, in idle rambles and rides along the London Road and over the Downs, with no purpose save to sharpen the appetite for their mutton; in empty visits and tea-drinkings at the Rooms; in dances and card-parties, with loss of time, temper, cash, and character; in going indifferently to the playhouse or to prayers! Is this, avoiding mention of grosser iniquities, shamelessly practised, a life for a mere rational being? How oft would the pagan who exclaimed, "I have lost a day," at the end of one on which he had done no good deed, have to repeat his exclamation, did he live with and as our Bath heathen. But for men who should know that they have immortal souls, which must be saved by the precious blood of Christ, or else everlastingly perish, 'tis stark, staring madness. We read that we "know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night." Did we but know it with a feeling knowledge! What if to-night the trumpet should sound, the stars fall from heaven like untimely figs, the grave and the sea give up their dead, the heavens be rolled together as a scroll, the heaven and the earth flee away, and all the dead, small and great, be called to stand before God to be judged by their works, and faith, out of the things written in the open books! Nay, what if the internal fire which, the learned say, heateth the waters in which the fribbles of Bath complacently soak themselves, giving and taking compliments, were to force its way to the surface, and convert our green valley into a lake of burning brimstone!

Sun. Sept. 9.—This hath been a calm and sunny day, and yet a shadow seemed to rest upon our house. So far as I remember, 'tis the first Sabbath a child of ours hath spent away from home. Her mother, like myself, had thought that we should have had Patty with us once a week, and purposes journeying into Bath upon the morrow to speak with Mistress Spaul upon the matter. O Lord, watch over my dear child. Leave her not in temptation. Have mercy upon her, and incline her heart to keep Thy laws.

Mon. 10.—My wife's journey hath been in vain. Mistress Spaul saith 'twould breed jealousy, and disorder her household were she to suffer Patty to visit us every week. Now and again,

she saith, she may come, and promises to look well after her. Indeed, she was somewhat short with my wife for seeming to doubt of her care, saying that she had no need to go begging for prentices, and that we were full welcome to have the girl home for good, an' we chose. Thereupon, my wife put the blame upon me. I would that I may never feel myself more to blame in this matter, but my heart misgiveth.

Mon. Oct. 29.—A friend of my master's, who hath been travelling in Cornwall, gave us a long narrative of the persecution which the Methodists have there been called upon to endure. When they assemble, the mob threaten to break open the doors, and knock down the brethren like bought bullocks. Chiefly, however, do they thirst after the preachers' blood. Without that, they say, they never will be satisfied. At Camborne, one of the preachers, while preaching, was pulled down by a big bully and hauled out to the mob, who, after keeping him prisoner from the Sunday until the Tuesday, then carried him before the Penzance Justices, by whom, in defiance of law and reason, he was committed to Bodmin gaol. The two or three who have joined themselves to me here have not yet been molested; but 'tis told me that our meetings, quiet though they be, have enraged the Vicar, who sweareth that, if he cannot otherwise drive me from the village, he will have me pressed for a soldier. The laws are now so strained, if 'tis a Methodist that must be got rid of, that 'tis hard to say what may or may not be done against us, but sure this is scarce possible. Lord, I am in thy hands.

Mon. Nov. 5.—Mischief is brewing. My little Jack having run out to see the fireworks was seized by rough lads, who threatened to fling him into the bonfire for a little "Papish." But, "Nay, nay," said a man, delivering him out of their hands, "'tis the old cock, not the cockerel, we must roast." It was pretty to see the little Susan's love for her brother when he ran in and told the story. The tears came into her eyes, her face flushed angry red, and though of a most gentle disposition, she clenched her little fists, which could scarce harm a fly. Then flinging her arms round Jack she nigh smothered him with kisses, and all the evening after never suffered him out of her sight until he went to bed. Nay, her mother tells me that she found her creeping from her own room in her nightgown to see that her brother was safe in his crib. She——

Tues. 6.—Last night I was interrupted in my writing. The drunken mob had kicked a tar barrel against my wood stack, which soon kindled, and when I went out to beat down the flames, I was driven back with burning brands. My poor wife was treated in like fashion, and the few friends who came to our help. All the while the Vicar was looking on, not abetting, indeed, but he did nothing to restrain until my stack was consumed. Then he bade the mob go away, which after a time they did, swearing that next time it should be the house. Some of them whom I have seen to-day are ashamed of their last night's doings, but put the blame on the free drink given, they say, by the Vicar's order. Thanks to his zeal against the Pope, we, who bear him as little love, spent a most anxious night, scarce one, after our scare, getting a wink of sleep.

Wed. 7.—During my absence the Vicar visited my wife, and professed great sorrow at the destruction of my property. And more, he promised that he would keep me in wood throughout the winter, if she would prevail upon me to discontinue my meetings with the brethren. He would fain, he said, have hindered the mob, but knew 'twas no use speaking unto drunken men, especially when, in a way, their wrath was righteous, inasmuch as I had proved myself disloyal to my Church and King. He thought to wheedle her by saying how much he pitied her misfortune in being exposed to such attacks, through no fault of hers, but because her husband was a Methodist. He found soon that he was smoothing a thistle. My poor wife hath little love for Methodists, but even worse she hates a lying tongue; and so she spake up bravely. "Who made the men drunken, your Reverence?" she said. "They went at your bidding, and they came. My husband is a better Englishman than you." Peradventure, there was not much praise in that last saying, but it cheered my heart to find that she had still so much old love left for me. As she related all this, I felt, for the time, as if I could, to give her pleasure in return, have promised to discontinue our meetings.

Thurs. 8.—This day the rider of a merchant, with whom Mr. Saunders doth business, pressed me to dine with him at the ordinary. I know not why, save that I had spoilt his bargain with my master. 'Twas one from whom Mr. Saunders would have gotten gain, and he appeared ready to strike; but feeling that by so doing he would have risked his character for godliness, and, far

worse, have given worldly men a good excuse for scoffing at those who make profession of being ruled by a higher law in whatsoever they do, than are they who still sit in darkness, I openly spake my mind. Mr. Saunders said nothing, but it was plain to see that he was much displeased. The rider, on the other hand, laughing, swore he bore no malice, but must carry me off to dinner. I rebuked him for his profanity, but he still insisted on my company, and not being able to find excuse, without the giving of unnecessary offence, I went with him. Perchance he thought to wheedle me by his show of hospitality, and then, plying me with wine, to make of me a nose of wax for his purpose. Perhaps 'twas mere good nature. I cannot say. Having come into the room at the inn, and finding that the company were about to fall to like heathens, I craved leave to ask a blessing. They started and smiled, but made no objection. Neither did they mock, save one, that thought himself a wag, who must say "Amen" after me very loud, and through his nose, but none laughed; and the maid, who waited upon us, being allowed, owing to her comeliness, to indulge herself in freedoms with the customers of the house, bade him be silent for a silly jackanapes. The rider said no more about the bargain, and before we parted I found opportunity to speak to him with much plainness, which he took in good part, shaking me heartily by the hand. Mr. Saunders was very stiff with me when I returned to business, but I must serve God rather than man.

Sat. 10.—O Lord, Thou hast brought me unto the end of another week. With most humble and grateful heart would I desire to thank Thee for Thy goodness to me therein. It hath been a week of trials and mercies.

The market of Bath being famous for its milk, butter, fruit, and vegetables, and fowls, mutton, and all manner of food being plentiful in the city, skilled cooks have likewise been bred there, and Bath cookmaids are in great request. To-day, Mistress Spaul sent word that she would speak with me, and when I went to her shop, advised me that one of her customers, a lady of quality, having asked her to find her a cookmaid, she had named our Hester, having heard from Patty that she was skilled in kitchen work; and so, indeed, are all the girls, according to their ages, their mother, who is second to none in such matters, training them most carefully. Mistress Spaul having named the wages, most

liberal, bade me make up my mind at once, but I said that I must have time for consideration. "Well," she saith, "take the offer home and sleep upon it, sleep twice upon it, and bring your answer on Monday. I must be ready with mine then. My lady cannot be kept waiting. Most^r folk would have jumped at the place." When I came home and told my wife and Hester, they were both eager that I should close with the lady, Hester, as being the elder, feeling huffed that Patty should have gone out into the world before her. But my heart hath so oft been troubled since I suffered myself to be persuaded to place that dear child with Mistress Spaul that I was resolved not to part with another child, except under the manifest guidance of Providence. Accordingly I entered into my closet, and laid the case before the Lord, praying Him to make my way clear before me. Then, still upon my knees, I opened my Bible, and read, "Count not thine handmaid for a daughter of Belial."

'Twas a manifest warning, and going out I announced my resolve to send my thanks to the lady, but to refuse her offer. I have since had nothing but sulky looks from Hester, and though she saith nothing, my wife is plainly angered. But what could I do? 'Twould have been courting judgment on my daughter and myself to run counter to so plain a declaration of the will of God.

Dear Patty was loving when I spake with her to-day, but it grieved me to see her already clad in gay worldly attire. O Lord, bring her to Thee, make her Thy meek and lowly child. "Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price. For after this manner in the old time the holy women also, who trusted in God, adorned themselves."

Mon. 12.—When I told Mistress Spaul this morning, while thanking her for her kindness, that I had resolved to keep Hester still with us, she fair called me a fool for my pains. She had but to let it be known that she had such a place in her gift, and scores of girls would come buzzing about her shop, like flies about a honey-pot. I had the refusal of it, she said, flying into a rage, but she would never give me another such chance. I need never again come begging to her about my children. She washed her hands of all of them, except Patty. 'Twas lucky she had

more wit than her father; and more of the same purport, and with scant courtesy. Sure, 'twas not I that wished to 'prentice the dear child.

Wed. 14.—Yesterday, in the evening, Mr. Wesley arrived in Bath, but, being pressed for time, was constrained to excuse himself from his promise of coming to ——. I stayed late in the city, that I might enjoy the privilege of his conversation. He told us of his life in the Plantations. There, too, it seems, he was taken for a Papist, or near akin to one, owing to the strictness of his life, which, sure, was a satire on the Protestants who made the objection. The negroes, he saith, drank in the word as a thirsty land drinketh in the rain. Of the Indians, for the most part, he hath but little hope, unless Christian men will, so to speak, storm the Throne of Grace on their behalf. They are dead in trespasses and sins, and yet wise in their own eyes. The land, it seems, is not all fat and fertile, as some have represented. There is much sand and marsh. When a town hath been laid out, the streets not built upon are used for corn fields. In his journeyings he oft risked his life, and underwent many hardships from heat and weariness, cold and hunger. The Indian potato, Mr. Wesley saith, is very sweet, and bigger than ours, and melons grow to a great size in the open air, yielding from their moist, red flesh, which melts in the mouth, a most refreshing drink. He was grieved at not being able to come to ——, more especially as he had given his word that he would do so; but 'twas plainly impossible. When I asked him to promise that he would come the next time he visited these parts, "Nay, brother," said he, "I will make no more absolute promises, but come if the Lord be willing." He inquired after my dear wife and children, and encouraged me still to go on praying on their behalf. "Nothing doubting, brother—nothing doubting," he said, twice over.

Thur. 15.—Yesterday, Mr. Wesley's words still cheered me; but as I walked home this evening my heart sank within me when I thought of my wife and children still unconverted, and of the very few others in this place whom I have been instrumental in bringing to a knowledge of the truth. We are still, in very fact, but two or three. Scarcely, however, had I eaten my supper, when one came, begging me to go at once to John Shaw's, who was very ill, and wanted to see me. I had known that the old man was fast failing, and had more than once called to speak with

him, but he refused to listen to me. In his youth and manhood he followed the sea, and gave himself up to unbridled licentiousness. Deplorably common though the use of profane language at present is, his oaths were of so specially frightful a kind that they made the blood run cold. He was a sinner against light. He was not ignorant of the plan of salvation, but worked the very words of Scripture into horrible blasphemy. But now the sorrows of death compassed him, the pains of hell had gotten hold upon him. When I went into his room, I found him in an agony of terror. In vain at first did I point out that there was mercy for the vilest sinner, that the thief had been pardoned on the very cross. He shook his head and moaned: "I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh; when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind."

"Ay, pray, pray, pray," he cried, when I knelt down beside the bed, "but 'tis no use, no good; too late, too late!" Nevertheless, I continued instant in prayer for more than two hours. When my bodily strength failed me, I prayed silently until I had recovered my voice. A little before eleven his breathing, which had been very laboured, became easier, and he murmured something gently. I rose and put my ear to his lips. "I can, I do believe that Christ hath saved me," he said, faintly. As he seemed to be gasping for breath, I raised him in my arms. As I did so, although the room was lighted by one long-wicked candle only, I could see his face brightening with an unearthly radiance as though the spirit of prophecy had come upon him. In a firmer voice he said, "And other folk in this place shall be saved. Tell them, when I am gone, that I was saved by Jesus' blood, and He who saved wicked old Jack Shaw can save anybody." When I laid him back on his pillow, he was dead.

Sun. 18.—John Shaw was buried between services. There was a great gathering, word having been spread abroad that he had left a message for me to deliver. The Vicar had heard of it, and forbade me to disturb the service. "Sir, I have no intention," I replied; but he was not satisfied. With language most unseemly for such a time and place, he accused me of I know not what. Some of the crowd calling upon me to speak out, he threatened to indict me for riot in a church-yard, but, save to say to the crowd, "Not now," I held my peace, and he, seeing that the crowd

turned angry looks upon him, went on with the service. When it was over, I went out, the crowd following quietly, and taking my stand under the great tree outside the church-yard gate, from which the leaves fell fast, as though to mind us that we all do fade in like fashion, I related the circumstances of John Shaw's death, and delivered his message, afterwards proceeding to exhort my hearers to come to Christ at once. The Vicar bade me hold my peace, and when I still spake on, strove to come at me in his rage, but was hindered by the crowd; whereupon he turned and went away in a rage, with many threats of the punishment in store for all of us. Soon after was heard the blowing of two cow-horns, one by the parson's man inside the stable gates, and the other by the drunken, half-witted fellow, Sam Maw; but his having been taken from him, the parson's man soon, for very shame, desisted. I spoke for nigh an hour with a freedom of speech and boldness of heart which would have astonished me, had I not called to mind that what I said had been given unto me to say. "Whatsoever shall be given you in that hour, that speak ye; for it is not ye that speak, but the Holy Ghost." Throughout I was listened to with deep attention. God grant that the seed thus sown may bring forth fruit an hundred-fold.

OUT OF CAPTIVITY.

BY WM. WYE SMITH.

It was like a dream of gladness
Breaking on a night of sadness,
When the Lord, to Zion turning,
 Bade her weary wanderers come.
Then our mouth was filled with singing,
And with joy the valleys ringing
Made the very heathen wonder
 At the bliss that brought us home.

For great things the Lord did for us,
And we joined the joyful chorus—
"Thou wilt turn us and refresh us,
 Like the desert streams in rain."
Tearful sowing has glad reaping—
Precious seed, borne forth in weeping,
Shall by God, the Spirit's blessing,
 Bring the golden sheaves again.



FRONT OF A JAPANESE HOUSE

JAPAN.

BY THE REV. GEORGE COCHRAN.

III.

ITS GREAT CITIES—TOKIO.*

ONE day in 1590, as Taiko Sama and his general Tokugawa Jyeyasu were standing on a watch-tower which they had built on the heights above the town of Odawara, Taiko Sama said, "I see before me the eight Provinces of Kuantō—*Eastern plain*. Before many days are over, I will take them and give them to thee." Jyeyasu thanked him, saying, "That were indeed great luck." "Wilt thou live here at Odawara," said Taiko Sama, "as the men of Hojo have done?" "Ay, my lord," answered Jyeyasu, "that will I." "That will not do," said Taiko Sama; "I see on the map a place called Yedo, a fine position some fifty miles eastward from this; that is the place where thou should'st live." "I shall with pleasure obey your lordship's instructions," said Jyeyasu. He was already married to the half-sister of Taiko Sama, and after Odawara was taken, he received according to promise the gift of the Kuantō, from the hands of his illustrious relative, and established himself at Yedo. Jyeyasu ultimately attained to great power. He ruled Japan with almost imperial sway, and founded the Tokugawa dynasty, which continued for 265 years, and furnished a line of fifteen Shoguns.

The city of Tokio, formerly Yedo, is centrally situated on the eastern side of Hondo—the main island—in the Province of Musashi, at the head of the great "Bay of Yedo," and at the mouth of the Sumida river, in lat. $35^{\circ} 40'$ North, and long. $139^{\circ} 47'$ East of Greenwich.

Tokio is not an ancient city. Up to the year 1600 it contained only a small castle, surrounded by a number of straggling villages inhabited by farmers and fishermen. The country round

* The Tokio Guide; by a Resident. Yokohama, 1874. Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan, 1873-1878. The Capital of the Tycoon; by Sir R. Alcock. Harpers, 1863. Tales of Old Japan; by A. B. Mitford, 1871. The History of Japan; by F. O. Adams, 1874-5. The Mikado's Empire; by W. E. Griffis, 1876.

about, was still very wild when Jyeyasu made Yedo his capital. During two or three generations, however, improvements went on at such a rate that the city rapidly assumed the appearance and maturity that characterized it down to the year 1868. In this year, after a brief civil war, the office of Shogun was abolished, and the Imperial Court was transferred from Kiyoto to Yedo. The name of the city was then changed to Tokio—*Eastern Capital*—in contrast with Kiyoto or Saikiyo, which means *Western Capital*. The name Yedo is no longer used by the Japanese, having entirely disappeared from their conversation and current literature.

The appearance of Tokio has greatly changed since 1868. The citadel has been dismantled, many of the castle gates and towers have been torn down, many temples and residences of the Daimios have been burnt, demolished, or suffered to fall into decay. New houses in the so-called "foreign style"—in stone, brick, and wood—are springing up. Small carriages called *Jinrikishas*, drawn by men, and modern omnibuses have entirely displaced the *kagos* and *korimonos*, which were borne on men's shoulders. Beggars, naked coolies, two-sworded gentlemen, Daimios' processions, and many other sights and scenes of former days—some of them very attractive, others very repulsive—have passed away. It has been well said, "The modern Japanese capital is in a measure both a Pompeii and a Paris—a place of ruins and a newly-founded city. Modern energy and civilization are everywhere found jostling the old indolence, ancient routine, and traditional customs."

Tokio is about nine miles long and eight miles wide—in general shape it resembles an egg. About one-eighth of its area is occupied by rivers, canals, and the castle with its moats. On all sides landward Tokio is surrounded by rice fields. Within the city limits considerable space is devoted to mulberry and tea plantations, grain fields and vegetable gardens. The *Yashini*—*spread-out-houses*—of the Daimios, pleasure gardens, temple grounds, and cemeteries, take up much room. The general surface of the city for some distance back from the bay is flat, and on this stands the most densely populated part. Portions of the castle enclosure, also the north and south-western sections of the city, are quite elevated, and in many places diversified by hills and valleys. The streets are in general wide and straight.

Within the castle, the avenues, especially along the moats, were originally made for the spectacular displays of feudalism; and though the glittering trains of the Daimios no longer impress the beholders with their scenic effect, the wide avenues on which their glories were once displayed still remain to adorn the capital of New Japan. Several alterations were made in the street nomenclature when the name of the city was changed from Yedo to Tokio; names that were fitted to perpetuate the memory of the former power and glory of the house of Tokugawa were swept away and new ones substituted. Some changes for the better were also introduced.

As in the case of their rivers, long streets were called by a number of local names, given to their successive parts. Now each street is called by a single name throughout its entire length; in some cases the terms first section, second section, etc., are applied. The latest official directory contains the names of 1,371 streets. Fully two-thirds of these names are derived from natural objects; also the names of trades, professions, and sometimes sentimental names are used. Blind-alleys, which have an entrance but no outlet, are called "Bag-streets." The names of streets are not posted up conspicuously, as in western cities; over each doorway is pasted a small slip of paper containing the name of the householder, the numbers and sex of his family and household, the number of the house and the name of the street. In the former time each street, or section of it, was under the care of a petty officer; a number of these were subject to a ward officer; these again were subject to still higher officers; and so on up to the chief magistrate of the city. Under the street officers the householders were grouped together into fives, one of them being accountable for the other four, and all acting as spies and checks upon each other. By this system it was an easy matter to fix the responsibility as to the origin of a conflagration, theft, riot, etc., upon the real offender. All this has been changed. The city is now governed by a body of about 3,500 police—well-disciplined men, neatly dressed in western uniforms, and lodged in comfortable station-houses, all built after one model—two-story cottages with front porch—distributed over the city. The police are of two grades—one, the simple constable; the other invested to a limited degree with the powers of a magistrate. The government of the city is strict but not severe, the people enjoy great

liberty, and the public peace and order are well maintained. The military garrison of the city is large, and includes infantry, cavalry, artillery and engineer corps. Several of the former Daimios live in the capital as private gentlemen, taking no part whatever in political affairs, though many of their old retainers are Government officials. The last of the Shoguns, Keiki Sama, lives in the city of Shidzuoka, about a hundred miles from Tokio, in complete retirement from public life.

The population of Tokio is nearly a million of souls. There is reason for believing that it was never much greater than at present. The statements in our old Geographies that Yedo was the largest city in the world, and the account given by Captain Golowuin—some time a captive in Japan—that the population had reached 8,000,000, are altogether fabulous. Yedo in its palmiest days could never have corresponded to descriptions such as these.

The houses in Japan are pretty uniformly of one type—seldom more than a story and a half high. The ceilings are low as compared with those we are accustomed to. In business streets the whole front of each shop is open during the day—no polished plate glass, no elaborate doors, no windows dressed with artistic show of goods. The shopkeepers and their customers sit on their heels on the mats, sipping tea, and in cold weather toasting their fingers over charcoal braziers, while the goods on shelves, or in fire-proof safes behind the shop, within easy reach, are handed down for inspection by a servant employed for the purpose. The counting-room of the merchant is usually a spot about a yard square, fenced in by a low railing; there sits the head of the establishment, with his strong-looking money-box by his side, and his books of account hanging around him by loops on pins in the wall. There is now a vast influx of foreign goods from all parts of the world, and the mingling of these in the shops with articles of native manufacture is, perhaps, the strangest medley of merchandize that ever was seen. At night the shops are closed up with strong wooden shutters, which gives the streets a dull, deserted appearance, no window or open door looking out upon the thoroughfare. In some of the principal streets the shops are closed early in the evening; then a class of poor people from the back streets and alleys flock in, cover the sidewalks with mats, spread out merchandize upon

them, and, in less time than it takes to describe it, transforms the whole street into an open-air bazaar. Meanwhile, citizens of all classes—especially artizans and labourers—having taken their bath and finished their evening meal, gather in these streets. Young and old—infants in arms, or tied on the backs of parents or elder children—are there. The thoroughfare is crowded from end to end with a motley multitude in happy abandonment to social conversation, shopping, promenading, until a late hour of the night—while thousands of flaming oil-torches and gay lanterns light up the busy scene. This may be witnessed in Tokio, the year round, every night when the weather is fine.

In speaking of the thoroughfares of Tokio, the water communications ought not to be omitted. A glance at the map of the city will show that these are very considerable. It is possible for boats to convey goods to any point within the business districts, except a few places on the western side. The bridges are consequently very numerous, and some of them are very celebrated. One of them, the *Kihonhashi*, or Bridge of Japan, is the point from which distances are measured to all parts of the empire. Close to this bridge stands the great *Kosatsu*, the place where the laws are posted up for the information of the public. Until 1873 the following edict might be seen there: "The evil sect called Christian is strictly prohibited. Suspected persons should be reported to the proper offices, and rewards will be given." Though this edict has been seven years removed from public sight, it is still the law of Japan; there seems, however, no disposition to enforce it.

It is impossible to go through the streets of Tokio without noticing one of the most striking and constant features of the city—great gaps, where charred timbers and heaps of rubbish mark the scenes of recent fires. Many build their houses with the least possible expense, as foredoomed to feed the flames, and when the evil comes they lose no time in vain lamentations, but go to work at once before the ashes are cold, and, while the sites are still smoking, commence to rebuild. They calculate that the whole of this vast city is consumed in successive portions, to be rebuilt every seven years. There are fire-bells, night-watchmen, and stations at short intervals, and apparently well-organized fire-brigades of able-bodied citizens; but without a plentiful supply of water and good engines what can mere labour do?

As to "Fire Insurance," they have never had anything of the kind, and when first spoken to about it seemed to feel a curious interest, perhaps something akin to that which was awakened by the first mention of "Life Insurance," in which they appeared to be carried off with the idea that by a cunning financial operation life could be indefinitely prolonged or even brought back, as by the "Long Life Golden Pills," everywhere advertised by their vendors of patent medicines.

On the 29th of November, 1876, shortly after we had gone to live in Tsukiji, our servants alarmed us about 11 o'clock at night with a cry of fire; we were out quickly, but saw no danger, as the light in the sky seemed miles away. The practised judgment of the natives, however, was the true guide, for before six o'clock in the morning the whole district, over a mile wide and nearly two miles in length, from the castle wall to the bay, was consumed—a few of the foreigners' dwellings in Tsukiji only escaped. Ten thousand houses in the busiest part of the city were destroyed, over fifty thousand people were rendered homeless, and property to the value of millions was annihilated—and all within the space of about six hours. The wind blew seaward a strong gale, which brought the smoke and burning cinders directly across our dwellings, like a river of flame, during the whole period of the conflagration. Our dwellings caught fire scores of times, and would certainly have perished but for a number of friendly natives who came to our assistance, and fought the fire heroically until the danger was past. In the morning I walked over the burnt district. The only things standing were the *kuras*—fire-proof safes, which held nearly all the property that had escaped the flames—the poor people in their hasty flight were unable to carry much with them. These *kuras*—looking like huge ovens—are a native expedient, and seem to answer their purpose well. They are built of mud from one to two feet thick, over heavy wooden frames; the windows and doors are faced with iron, and the shutters that close them up are bevelled in exactly the same manner as the doors of our fire-proof safes. When an alarm of fire occurs, the people put what goods they can into the *kuras*, and close them hermetically, generally to find all safe when the conflagration is over.

Let us take a hasty glance at some of the points of interest in this remarkable city. Coming from Yokohama by railway, we

enter Tokio at the Shinagawa Station, the western limit of the city. From this point the railway curves along the edge of the bay on made land, until within a short distance of the Central City Station. Off to the right the shipping may be seen at anchor in the open bay, unable to approach, as the whole gulf is shoaled in such a manner that five miles from the city it is difficult to find anchorage for a vessel drawing twenty feet. About a mile from the shore, parallel with the railway, is a line of forts rising a few feet above high-water mark, hastily built for the defence of the capital when the Commodore Perry scare was upon the country. Leaving the station at Shinagawa, we hasten over to the wooded hills on the left, and visit the tombs of the forty-seven *Ronin*—the loyal league of valiant men, the tragic history of whose life is told so charmingly by Mitford in his "Tales of Old Japan." Hard by is the temple of Tozenji, where Sir Rutherford Alcock dwelt during the greater part of his stay in the "capital of the Tycoon;" which he describes as a "beautiful hermitage," that from the outset he thought could hardly have fallen to his lot "without some terrible drawback." His experience fully justified this apprehension. In his volumes we have accounts of hairbreadth escapes from the sword of avenging Samuorai and from midnight assassin. "We were each," he says, "destined to be hunted for our lives by armed braves thirsting for our blood," and with the feeling that no human art could make the place where they dwelt defensible.

Continuing our journey eastward, we come to *Shiba*—a district of the city including a group of magnificently wooded hills, devoted exclusively to Buddhist temples and to the tombs of the Shoguns. While rigid simplicity was studied by the Mikado and his Court, magnificence and display were always affected by the Shoguns. Hence, Shiba, with its temples, is usually considered the most gorgeously beautiful place in Japan, except, perhaps, Nikko, eighty miles to the north, where Tyeyasu, the first prince of the line, is buried. As we approach, a runner is on hand to conduct us to the gate, inside of which a priest is waiting to receive us. Passing through a small gateway of rare design, we come into a large pebbled courtyard, lined with an array of over two hundred colossal stone lanterns, the gift of the vassals of the departed Prince. A second gateway, supported by gilt pillars carved all round with figures of dragons, leads into

another court, in which are a bell-tower, a great lavatory cut out of a single block of stone like a sarcophagus, a number of handsome lanterns of bronze, the gift of Daimios of the highest rank—six of these, larger than the rest and standing by themselves, were given by the *Go-san-ke*, the three princely families in which the succession to the office of Shogun was vested. Passing another beautiful gate we enter a third court, partly covered like a cloister; in front is the shrine, which we enter with unsandalled feet—the display of art at once arrests our attention, and will repay study. The ceiling is gilt, and painted with arabesques and with celestial angels playing on musical instruments, and the panels on the walls are sculptured in high relief with admirable representations of birds and flowers, life-size, life-like, all being coloured to imitate nature.

On through a wide corridor ornamented with gold and lacquer we ascend a few steps to the room which contains the splendidly gilt reliquaries—in the form of small temples—in which the posthumous titles of the deceased Shoguns are treasured. Back of the shrine is another court, plainer than the last; in it stands a small building called the *Haiden*—*prayer-hall*—where the Shogun was accustomed to meditate and pray when he made his annual visit to the tombs of his ancestors. Beyond this is a flight of stone steps, at the top of which, protected by a bronze door, stands a simple monumental urn of bronze on a stone pedestal. “Under this is the grave itself; and it has always struck me,” says Mitford, “that there is no small amount of poetical feeling in this simple ending to so much magnificence; the sermon may have been preached by design or it may have been by accident, but the lesson is there.” Shiba in its glory must have been an exceedingly beautiful place. Writing, as I do, thousands of miles away from it, I have before me the memory of a place green in winter, pleasant and cool in the hottest summer—a place filled with costly and elegant temples, splendid monasteries, gardens of choicest flowers and shrubs, shaded with forest trees of the largest growth, few of them ever clothed with “sere and yellow leaf.” No royal park was ever better kept, and perhaps upon few have equal sums been spent in the decorations of art and the cultivation of natural scenery. But all is now a ruin. The shrines and tombs are falling into decay; the grounds are neglected and overrun with weeds.

Buddhism in Japan has been disestablished and disendowed, and the priesthood are becoming pauperized. The finest of these temples and monasteries have been utilized by the Government for hospitals, schools, public offices, and residences of their foreign employees. The main temple—one of the largest in Japan—was burnt down in 1873; an attempt has been made to rebuild it, but the former magnificence cannot be restored.*

We proceed next to a hill called Atagoyama, from which there is a fine view of the city, and of the bay beyond. Two flights of broad stone steps, the one going straight up, the other winding to the right, lead to the top. The former is for the use of men, the latter for women. The same arrangement may be seen at many of the hill temples throughout the country. The top of the hill is an ample platform surrounded by tea-booths. The little maids who wait on visitors are neatly and tastefully dressed, and might be considered pretty but for the paint and powder with which they daub their faces, and quite mar their appearance—in our judgment at least. They offer us hot tea in small porcelain cups, and *sakura yu*—tea of salted cherry blossoms, considered a great luxury—to refresh us after climbing the steps. The view is indeed very fine. In front the bay, with its forts, junks, fishing boats, men-of-war and merchant ships—and beyond the broad bright waters the blue heights of Kadsusa and Awa in the dim distance. In the foreground lies the city, stretching its arms around the head of the bay, miles and miles of tiled and shingled roofs, so dull and uniform that all one's former visions as to the glory of oriental cities suffer instant disenchantment—"God made the country, but man made the town." True, the eye is somewhat relieved by the springing up here and there of higher buildings in European style, such as the Railway station, the new Telegraph office, the Courts of Justice, barracks, sundry Government offices, and not a few private residences. Away to the right, over sixty miles distant, rises up the graceful cone of Fujisan—ever beautiful—clad in hues of

* I have drawn upon Mitford in the above account of Shiba; he described it before the finger of decay had begun to sweep the lines of its beauty. I take pleasure in calling attention to his translations and notes in the "Tales of Old Japan," as altogether the best popular introduction we have to a knowledge of the superstitions, manners and customs of the Japanese.

loveliness that change with the hours of the day and the revolving seasons—"like the borealis race, that flit ere you can find their place." A little nearer are the ranges of *Hakone* and *Oyama*, green in summer, white in winter, anon clothed in amber as seen through the golden haze of the setting sun. Round to the left rise the towers and bastions of the castle, in the centre of which on an elevated plateau waves the glorious forest of the Emperor's pleasure grounds; far beyond on the heights are the beautiful groves of Uyeno, the twin sister of Shiba.

JUST AS GOD LEADS ME.

JUST as God leads me I would go ;
 I would not ask to choose my way ;
 Content with what He will bestow,
 Assured He will not let me stray,
 So as He leads my path I take,
 And step by step I gladly take,
 A child in Him confiding.

Just as God leads, I am content
 To rest me calmly in His hands ;
 That which He has decreed and sent—
 That which His will for me commands—
 I would that He should all fulfil,
 That I would do His gracious will
 In living or in dying.

Just as God leads, I will resign,
 I trust to my Father's will ;
 When reason's rays deceptive shine,
 His counsel would I yet fulfil.
 That which His love ordained as right,
 Before He brought me to the light,
 My all to Him resigning.

Just as God leads me, I abide,
 In faith, in hope, in suffering true ;
 His strength is ever by my side—
 Can aught my hold on Him undo ?
 I hold me firm in patience, knowing
 That God my life is still bestowing—
 The best in kindness sending.

GREAT REFORMERS.

JOHN CALVIN.*

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

IN the month of August, 1879, I made a reverent visit to the scenes made memorable for ever by the principal events of the life and by the death of John Calvin, the great French Reformer. Few places in Europe possess greater historical interest than the fair city of Geneva, mirrored in the placid Lemán, where the deep blue waters of the arrowy Rhone issue from the lovely lake. For centuries it has been the sanctuary of civil and religious liberty, and its history is that of the Reformation and of free thought. The names of Calvin, Knox, Beza, Farel, the Puritan exiles, and later of Voltaire, Rousseau, Madame de Staël, and many other refugees from tyranny, are for ever associated with this little republic. But the chief interest attaches to the name of Calvin, the greatest intellect and most potent and far-reaching influence of the Reformation era. "His system of doctrine and policy," writes a recent biographer, "has shaped more minds and entered into more nations than that of any other Reformer. In every land it made men strong against the interference of the secular power with the rights of Christians. It gave courage to the Huguenots; it shaped the theology of the Palatinate; it prepared the Dutch for the heroic defence of their national rights; it has controlled Scotland to the present hour; it formed the Puritanism of England; it has been at the basis of the New England character; and everywhere it has led the way in practical reforms."

It was therefore with profound interest that I visited the house in which Calvin lived and the memorable church in which he held his famous disputations, and from whose pulpit, like a Czar upon his throne, he wielded an almost despotic influence over the minds of men in many lands. The church was closed, and while I was looking for the sexton, a Roman Catholic priest whom I accosted went for the key, and with the greatest courtesy

* The principal authorities used in this sketch are D'Aubigne's, Fisher's, and Ranke's Histories of the Reformation, and Guizot's St. Louis and Calvin.

conducted me through the building and explained its features of historic interest. It seemed to me very strange to have that adherent of the ancient faith exhibit the relics of him who was its greatest and most deadly foe. With something of the old feeling of proprietorship, he looked around the memory-haunted pile and said proudly, yet regretfully, "This was all ours once," and he pointed in confirmation to the beautiful chapel of the Virgin and to the keys of St. Peter sculptured on the walls. Then he led me to Calvin's pulpit, once the most potent intellectual throne in Europe, and to Calvin's chair—in which I sat, without feeling my Arminian orthodoxy affected thereby—and pointed out other memorials of the great Reformer.

Calvin's house, in a narrow street, is now occupied for purposes of trade, and presents little of special interest. His grave I could not visit, for no man knows where his body is laid. By his own express desire no monument was erected over his remains, and now the place of their rest has passed from the memory of men. Nor needs he such memorial. His truest monument is the grand work he was enabled to do for God and for humanity—a monument more lasting than brass—more glorious than any sculptured pile.

John Calvin—or Chauvin, as the name was sometimes written—was born at Noyon, in Picardy, on the 10th of July, 1509, twenty-six years after the birth of Luther. He belongs, therefore, to the second generation of Reformers. His father, Gerard Calvin, was a man of distinguished ability, whose talents had raised him to the position of notary in the ecclesiastical court of Noyon, and secretary of the diocese. His mother, we read, was a woman of "remarkable beauty and unassuming piety." From her he probably inherited his delicate features, and to her pious training he doubtless owes the religious disposition of his early youth. At school he was a student of remarkable promise—singularly free from the prevailing follies and frivolities of the time. Indeed, the austerity of this young censor of the morals of his fellow-students procured for him the nickname of "The Accusative Case." Young Calvin was educated in the strictest tenets of the Romish faith. As a child he took part in the religious processions of the Church, and, through paternal influence, at the age of twelve he received the office and income of chaplain of La Gésine, though, of course, without performing

its duties. On the eve of Corpus Christi, the boy solemnly received the tonsure—as the shaving of the crown, by which he became admitted to the first rank of the clergy, was designated. This abuse of ecclesiastical privilege was quite the fashion of the times. The Cardinal of Lorraine received far higher preferment at the age of four years, and Alphonso of Portugal became a cardinal at the age of eight.

At the age of fourteen, Calvin was sent to college at Paris, where he made remarkable progress in his studies. Four years later his father concluded to qualify his son for the profession of jurist, and sent him to study law under celebrated teachers at Bourges and Orleans. So great was his proficiency, that he sometimes took the place of the professors during their temporary absence. He continued also his study of scholastic theology, and began the critical reading of the New Testament in the original Greek. The day, we are told, he spent in the study of the law, and a great part of the night in the study of the Bible. Through the teaching of this higher law his confidence in his hereditary faith was shaken, and the light of truth shone upon his soul. The death of his father interrupted his university course, and we next hear of him as the editor of an annotated edition of Seneca, exhibiting a wide acquaintance with the classics, and an almost Ciceronian skill in the grand old Latin tongue.

Shortly after this took place what he himself calls his “sudden conversion,” whose process he thus describes. “After my heart had long been prepared for the most earnest self-examination,” he writes, “on a sudden the full knowledge of the truth, like a bright light, disclosed to me the abyss of errors in which I was weltering, the sin and shame with which I was defiled. A horror seized on my soul, when I became conscious of my wretchedness and of the more terrible misery that was before me. And what was left, O Lord, for me, miserable and abject, but with tears and cries of supplication to abjure the old life which Thou didst condemn, and to flee into Thy path.” He describes his vain attempts to obtain peace of mind through the services and penances of the Church. “Only one haven of salvation is there for our souls,” he writes, “and that is the compassion of God which is offered us in Christ. We are saved by grace; not by our merits, not by our works.”

Zeal for the truth of God now became the passion of his life.

The hour for indecision was past. He threw up his ecclesiastical benefices, the income of which he could not conscientiously retain, and cast in his lot with the persecuted Reformers at Paris, and, notwithstanding his youth, was soon accounted a leader among them. The bitterness of the persecution of the Protestants compelled him to fly, first from Paris, and then, not without tears and a dislocating wrench, from his native land. He fled to the Court of the beautiful and accomplished Margaret, Queen of Navarre, where he was confirmed in his new opinions by the society and counsel of the venerable Lefèvre, the father of the Reformation in France. He next found refuge at Strasburg and Basle, where he pursued the study of Hebrew.

At Basle the young theologian issued the first edition of his celebrated "Institutes of the Christian Religion," one of the most famous and influential books ever written, which is still a monument of the genius and piety, and of the relentless logic and stern theology of its author. It has been stigmatized by Catholic writers as "the Koran of the heretics," and has been translated into most of the languages of Europe, including Greek, and even into Arabic. The striking characteristic of this book is the prominence given to the stern doctrine of Predestination. The dominating thought is the absolute supremacy of the Divine will. "That will," writes a recent commentator, "though hidden from man, is not arbitrary, but is most wise and holy. The human race, corrupted radically in the fall with Adam, has upon it the guilt and impotence of original sin; its redemption can be achieved only through an incarnation and propitiation; of this redemption only electing grace can make the soul a participant, and such grace once given is never lost; this election can come only from God, and it includes only a part of the race, the rest being left to perdition; election and perdition are both predestinated in the Divine plan; that plan is a decree eternal and unchangeable; all that is external and apparent is but the unfolding of this eternal plan." Calvin seems himself to have shrunk from the logical consequences of this *decretum horrible*—"this horrible decree," as he calls it; but he seeks to evade those consequences by denying that God is the author of sin, and by asserting that men act freely and not of necessity in spite of this decree—that the doctrine of election is a stimulus to good works, and not an opiate to inaction. And such, under intense convic-

tion of the sovereign will and spotless holiness of God, it doubtless is ; as the heroic history of the Calvinistic Churches prove : but this is despite, not in consequence of, its logical result.

At the invitation of the Duchess Renée, Calvin took refuge at the court of Ferrara, where he won certain high-born ladies to the persecuted opinions of the Reformers. But the vigilance of the Inquisition compelled him to retrace his steps across the Alps. On his way to Basle he stopped at Geneva, intending to remain but a single night. But here occurred an event which shaped the whole future of his life. Through the labours of William Farel, the scion of a noble family of Dauphiné, the Reformed doctrines had obtained a foothold in Geneva. But they still met with powerful opposition, and the morals of the city were exceedingly corrupt. Farel waited on Calvin at his inn, and besought him to remain and take part in the work of reformation. Calvin declined, pleading his need of repose and desire for study. "Since you refuse to engage in the work of God," exclaimed Farel, with the solemn menace of a Hebrew prophet, "His curse will alight upon your studies and on you." Calvin was struck with terror, and felt as if the hand of the Almighty had been stretched out from heaven and laid upon him. "I yielded," he writes, "as if to the voice of the Eternal." He immediately began his work by preaching in the cathedral, and by preparing a catechism for the instruction of the young, "since," he wisely remarks, "to build an edifice which is to last long, the children must be instructed according to their littleness." No mercenary motive urged him to his duty, for we read that after six months the Council voted him six crowns, "seeing he had not received anything." He set to work at once to reform the morals of the gay and pleasure-loving city. Stringent ordinances were prescribed restraining sumptuousness of apparel and personal adornment. A hairdresser, for instance, narrates a historian of the times, for arranging a bride's hair in what was then deemed an unseemly fashion, was imprisoned for two days. Games of chance and dancing were also prohibited. The fashionable fribbles of the day revolted from this strictness, and procured the banishment of the faithful preacher. "It is better to obey God than man," said Calvin; and though "he loved Geneva as his own soul," he departed from its ungrateful walls. He was welcomed to Strasburg, and put in charge of a

church of 1,500 French refugees. While here he married Idelette de Bures, the widow of an Anabaptist preacher whom he had converted. In her he found a most faithful and devoted wife, "who never opposed me," he says, "and always aided me." For nine happy years she cheered and consoled his stormy life; and when she died, his grief and the strength and tenderness of his attachment were shown in letters, still extant, whose pathos touches our hearts across the silent centuries.

Three years after his expulsion he was urged by both the Town Council and the people to return to Geneva. He yielded, "offering to God his slain heart as a sacrifice, and forcing himself to obedience." Not only was a "plain house" set apart for him, but also, we read, "a piece of cloth for a coat." He returned to spend the remaining twenty-three years of his life in the city to which he was to give its chief fame. It was with the full and fair understanding that his discipline should be carried out. To build up a Christian Church, pure and spotless in morals and in doctrine, was the ideal of his life. A Presbyterial Council assumed control of both secular and sacred affairs. Even regulations for watching the gates and for suppressing fires were found in the writing of Calvin. The lofty and the lowly were alike subjected to one inflexible rule. All profaneness, drunkenness, and profligacy, and even innocent recreations, were rigorously suppressed. Severe penalties were often inflicted for slight offences. Persons were punished for laughing during divine service. Dancing, the use of cards or of nine-pins, and the singing of secular songs were offences against the law; so was giving to children the names of Catholic saints. For attempting to strike his mother, a youth of sixteen was scourged and banished, and for a graver offence of the same nature another was beheaded. The use of torture in criminal trials was allowed, and the penalty for heresy was death by fire—a law which has left its blackest stigma on Calvin's name. The effect on society was marvellous. From being one of the most dissolute, Geneva became one of the most moral cities of Europe. It became the home of letters and the refuge of the persecuted Protestants of every land. "The wisest at that time living," writes the judicious Hooker, "could not have bettered the system." "It was the most perfect school of Christ," says Knox, who was here three times, 1554-56, "since

the days of the Apostles." "This is a reformation," writes Luther, "that has hands and feet."

Nevertheless, this rigid rule provoked stern opposition. "Lewd fellows of the baser sort" writhed under their enforced morality. Calvin was the object of their intensest hate. Upon him they heaped the utmost indignity. The very dogs in the street were in contumely named after him, and were incited to attack his person with cries of "Seize him!" "Seize him!" and his clothes and flesh were torn by their fangs. As he sat at his study table, in a single night fifty gunshots were fired before the house. Once he walked into the midst of an infuriated mob and offered his breast to their daggers. His iron will subdued them all. He prevented, he said upon his death-bed, over three hundred riots which would have desolated Geneva.

The darkest shadow upon the name and fame of the great Reformer is his complicity in the death of Servetus. This remarkable man was a Spanish physician of great ability. He almost anticipated Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood. He published a book against the doctrine of the Trinity, and wrote a number of letters to Calvin in the same strain, and inveighing against the Reformer himself. Yet for thirty years, under an assumed name, he conformed outwardly to the Romish Church. He subsequently published, anonymously, another work on the "Restoration of Christianity," in which the doctrine of the Trinity and Infant Baptism were described as the two great hindrances to this result. Servetus was arrested and tried for heresy by the Romish Archbishop of Lyons. He denied his authorship of the obnoxious book. Calvin, at the request of a friend, furnished, in the letters written thirty years before, the evidence which procured the condemnation of the accused. Servetus, however, escaped, and after a few months came to Geneva, lodging in an obscure inn near the city wall. After a month Calvin was informed of his presence, and procured his arrest. He was arraigned before the Council and defended his opinions with acuteness, but with much insolent invective, and demanded the condemnation of Calvin. To his surprise, he was himself condemned and sentenced to be burned. The conclusion of this tragic story is thus told by the judicious Fisher: "He called Calvin to his prison and asked pardon for his personal treatment of him; but all attempts to extort from him a retracta-

tion of his doctrines were ineffectual. He adhered to his opinions with heroic constancy, and was burned at the stake on the morning of the 27th of October, 1553."

Calvin made an attempt to have the mode of his death changed to one less painful—to beheading instead of burning—and there is reason to believe that he expected that Servetus would recant. Still, it is indisputable that he consented to his death, which, however, was the act of the whole Council and not of one individual. "Servetus," says Guizot, "obtained the honour of being one of the few martyrs to intellectual liberty; while Calvin, who was undoubtedly one of those who did most toward the establishment of religious liberty, had the misfortune to ignore his adversaries' right to liberty of belief."

The principles of toleration—of free thought and free speech—were ill understood even by those who had themselves suffered the bitter wrongs of religious persecution.

At the very time that Calvin was involved in these stormy conflicts, he was wielding probably the most potent intellectual influence in Europe. He was in communication with the leaders of the Reformation in every land. "In England, and France, and Scotland, and Poland, and Italy," writes Fisher, "on the roll of his correspondents were princes and nobles as well as theologians. His counsels were called for and prized in matters of critical importance. He writes to Edward VI. and Elizabeth, to Somerset and Cranmer. The principal men in the Huguenot party looked up to Calvin as to an oracle." To his lectures thronged students from Scotland, Holland, and Germany. From six o'clock in the morning till four in the afternoon the classes were together, except at the dinner-hour, from ten to eleven. On alternate weeks he preached every day, and often on Sundays, besides his regular theological lectures. Hundreds of Protestant exiles, the most cultivated men of the age, sat at his feet. After a day of toil, it was his rest to give half the night to his pen and his books. His commentaries—by far the best of the age—cover nearly the whole of both the Old Testament and the New. "For a long time," writes a biographer, "in the closing periods of his life, he took but one meal in a day, and this was often omitted. He studied for hours in the morning, preached, and then lectured before taking a morsel of food. Too weak to sit up, he dictated to an amanuensis from his bed, or transacted business with those

who came to consult him. His lofty and intrepid spirit triumphed over all physical infirmity. From his sick bed he regulated the affairs of the French Reformation. He called the members of the Senate and the clergy of the city around his dying couch, and taking each by the hand, bade them an affectionate farewell. "He had taught," he said, "sincerely and honestly, according to the Word of God. Were it not so," he added, "I well know that the wrath of God would impend over my head." "We parted from him," writes his friend Beza, "with our eyes bathed in tears and our hearts full of unspeakable grief." So this great man passed away, on the 27th of May, 1564. He was in the 55th year of his age. His whole earthly wealth was about two hundred dollars. This he bequeathed to his relations and to poor foreigners. He chose to be poor, and persistently refused any addition to his very modest salary. "If I am not able to avoid the imputation of being rich in life," he said, "death shall free me from this stain." The labours of his pen and brain were prodigious. His published works fill fifty-two octavo volumes. Besides these, in the library of Geneva are 20,000 manuscript sermons.

Their Arminian aversion to the logical consequences of Calvin's theology has, with many, extended also to his person and character. But let us, while rejecting the errors of his intellect, admire the greatness of his soul. He feared God, and loved righteousness, and loathed iniquity, and scorned a lie. His brave spirit dominated over a weak and timorous body, and he consecrated with an entire devotion all his vast powers to the glory of God and the welfare of his fellow-men.

"FOR the structure which we raise,
Time is with material filled,
Our to-days and yesterdays,
Are the blocks with which we build.

"Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen ;
Make the house where gods may dwell
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

BARBARA HECK.

A STORY OF THE FOUNDING OF UPPER CANADA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "KING'S MESSENGER."

CHAPTER XI.—THE RECRUIT.

A PAINFUL scene took place between Colonel Pemberton and his son as the result of the great awakening which accompanied Losee's preaching. The young man had become a zealous attendant at the Methodist meetings, and overcoming his natural reserve had thrown himself eagerly into Christian work, taking part in public prayer and exhorting earnestly at the inquiry meetings which from night to night were held in Paul Heck's house.

"Do you mean to set at defiance your father's authority and to cast in your lot with those fanatical Methodists?" demanded the Colonel, in a towering rage, one Monday morning, after Reginald had been particularly earnest at the meeting the night before.

"Father, I owe you all obedience in things temporal; but where my duty toward God is clear, I dare not disobey Him."

"And who is to be the judge of your duty, I'd like to know, unless your father?" demanded the choleric old gentleman.

"We must each give account of our own selves unto God, and I cannot violate my conscience even for the best of fathers."

"Why, this is flat rebellion, you ingrate," exclaimed the imperious Colonel, quite ignoring a plea which his own better judgment would have been constrained to admit.

"Nay, father," replied the youth respectfully, "not rebellion, but the truest loyalty to the Supreme authority."

"Well, all I have to say is this," exclaimed the Colonel in an outburst of petulance, "if you join those fanatical Methodists, you are no longer a son of mine."

"Oh, don't say that, father—anything but that," cried Reginald with an agonized expression.

"I have said it, and I mean it, too. Your home shall be no more beneath this roof. Well, what is your choice?" asked the stern parent with a gesture of impatience.

"My choice is made," replied the boy, with a pale but resolute

expression. "I *have* joined the Methodists, and I will not forsake them. It would be betraying my Master to turn back from following after Him."

"Well, as you have made your bed, you must lie in it. Go! Let me see your face no more," and the old gentleman turned angrily away.

"Oh, father! do not spurn me from your door," cried Reginald, seizing his hand; "or let me see my mother once more before I go."

"No," exclaimed the testy sire, "you are breaking her heart with your ingratitude. It will only give her needless pain;" and he snatched his hand suddenly away, and strode out of the barn, where this interview had taken place.

Reginald threw himself on the wheat straw in an agony of sobs and tears. The world seemed to whirl around him. He seemed sunken in the darkest midnight of despair. The strongest earthly ties had snapped asunder. It seemed as if the solid earth itself were rocking beneath his feet. In this tempest of his soul there stole a thought—almost an audible voice, it seemed—of sweet and calm assurance, that tranquillized his spirit—"When thy father and mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up," and in prayer to his Father in heaven his agitated feelings found repose.

He went forth an exile from his father's house, with nothing but the homespun clothes in which he stood. He wended his way to the Quaker Settlement to ask for work. The good Quaker, Jonas Whiteside, finding in his heroic spirit something akin to his own doctrine of passive resistance to persecution, which the history of his sect had so signally illustrated, gave him work and wages, which relieved him from present anxiety about earning a living. It was very galling, however, to the proud Colonel to have his son and heir working as a hired servant with his Quaker neighbour.

True as the sun to its appointed time, on the evening before the meeting announced by Elder Losee, that active itinerant cantered into the clearing of the Heck Settlement, very much bespattered with mud, and with garments somewhat frayed from contact with the tangled underbrush of the wilderness, but buoyant in heart and hope. In answer to minute inquiry after the welfare and progress of the recent converts, he soon

learned the story of Reginald's persecution and religious fortitude. During the Sunday he called upon him to pray, to speak in class, and to exhort at the close of the afternoon meeting. After supper he asked him to take a walk upon the river bank. In the mellow light of the setting sun they strolled along the lake-like margin of the broad St. Lawrence, Losee speaking of the triumphs of the Gospel during his four weeks' ride of some six hundred miles, and Reginald modestly answering the questions which he asked him. At length Losee stopped short, and laying his hand impressively upon the young man's shoulder, said abruptly—

"My brother, the Lord hath need of thee. You must come with me!"

"Come where?" asked Reginald in surprise.

"Wherever the Lord shall show the way. I believe you are called of God to preach the Gospel. You must not be disobedient to the heavenly call."

"When I gave myself to the Lord," said the young man, "I gave myself wholly, to do His will in any way that He should show me. I would not run before I am sent, but if He opens a way to preach His Word I would rejoice to go. I feel very unfit and ignorant; but I have a joy in my soul that I long to tell my fellow-men."

"Praise the Lord," exclaimed the pioneer preacher with old-fashioned Methodist zeal, "may it be as a fire in your bones that will not be suppressed. I forewarn you, you shall have hard toil and poor fare, and it may be hunger and cold and peril and want; but God calls you to the noblest work on earth, and to a crown of glory in the skies."

"My soul says, 'Here am I, Lord, send me, if it be Thy will, anywhere or to do any work,'" said the young man with solemn enthusiasm. "When I was quite a boy I followed the King's flag in more than one stormy fight, and suffered bonds and imprisonment for the good cause; and now I am not afraid to do as much for my Heavenly King."

"Have you a horse?" abruptly asked Losee.

"No, nor a bridle either; but I have a good pair of legs," said Reginald with a smile.

"You must have a horse," said the preacher, decidedly. "You

might as well try to fly as walk the rounds you will have to go."

"That means that the Lord don't want me to go then, till I can earn money to buy a horse."

"I am not so sure about that," replied Losee; "leave that to me;" and they walked back in the deepening twilight to the barn, where a large company were assembled, vaguely seen by the light of a few lanterns, the men grouped on the right and the women on the left.

"Can you lend young Pemberton a horse, to ride the Circuit with me?" Losee asked Paul Heck that night as they walked from the barn.

"Ay, can I, as long as he likes," said the generous Irish heart; "and do you mean to take him with you now?"

"Ay. The lad has preaching timber in him, and I want to get him broken in a bit before I recommend him to Conference."

And so, next morning, Reginald, in his homespun clothes, rode away mounted on Paul Heck's sorrel colt. Saddle he had none, but in lieu thereof he rode upon a folded sheepskin girt upon the horse. In this manner were the early Methodist preachers sometimes summoned to their work, like David from the sheep-cotes, or Elisha from the plough, or Amos from the herds, or Peter from his nets; and without staff or scrip, or money in their purse, they fared forth on their spiritual knight errantry for the conquest of the world.

Great was the surprise and chagrin of Colonel Pemberton when he heard that his son had not only cast in his lot with the despised Methodists, but, worse than all, had gone off with a wandering Methodist preacher. But his mother received the tidings with a secret and tremulous joy, which was deepened by the message of filial love which Reginald found an opportunity to send her, which was a comfort and a support to her heart in many an hour of weary watching and prayer.

CHAPTER XII.—THE CAMP-MEETING.

THE Heck Settlement had become an important centre of religious life and activity. Here was organized the oldest and most flourishing of the Methodist societies of Canada, and here was held the first of Canadian camp-meetings. Further arrivals of U. E. Loyalist refugees—Methodists, Quakers and Cavaliers—

some of the latter accompanied by their domestic slaves--had increased the population of the settlement and its vicinity to quite a numerous community. The Rev. Darius Dunham, the Presiding Elder in charge of the Canadian work, made arrangements for the holding of a camp-meeting in this comparatively populous neighbourhood. The announcement created great excitement throughout the whole country-side. It was a meeting quite unknown to any of the settlers except a few from Virginia, where similar meetings had been held, chiefly among the slave population. Mammy Dinah and Aunt Chloe were greatly elated at the prospect of enjoying what they called "de ole time religion" for which their souls had been pining ever since they had come to this cold northern land. The old Colonel sniffed and "pshawed," but out of regard to what he deemed the prejudices of his wife did not oppose a service which he admitted might do very well for slaves. Upon the Methodists, of course, fell the chief burden of the preparation. A lovely grove of stately, clean-trunked beeches and maples was selected, overlooking the broad St. Lawrence, and the underbrush was carefully cleared away. A rough stand, sheltered by an awning of beechen boughs, was erected for the preachers, and rough booths for the temporary lodging of the worshippers. Great was the activity in the great Heck kitchen, where Dame Barbara, on hospitable thoughts intent, presided over the victualling of the camp as if to stand a siege. In this generous provision the good Quakers heartily assisted, and his old time Virginian hospitality so far overcame the prejudices of Colonel Pemberton as to allow Dinah and Chloe, under the superintendence of their mistress, to exhaust their skill in the culinary art in the same behalf.

The first service was a prayer-meeting of remarkable spiritual power, held on Saturday night, as a preparation for the solemnities of the Sabbath. The Sunday was a high day. The number present, considering the sparsely settled state of the country, was very extraordinary. One would have wondered where all the people came from. But for thirty or forty miles up and down the river they came in batteaux or Durham boats, and not a few Indians came in their bark canoes to witness a service which they could not comprehend, but of which they felt the strange power. The interest culminated in the service of Sunday night. Elder Dunham, a tall, dark man, with

hair of raven blackness, so long that it flowed down upon his shoulders, and an eye of strangely magnetic power, preached a soul-shaking sermon from the text, "For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ: that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." With thrilling tones and vivid imagery he described the solemn assize; the great white throne and Him that sat thereon, and the august scenes of the final judgment, such as in solemn frescoes or austere mosaics have frowned down for centuries from cathedral apse or tribune on awe-struck generations of mediæval worshippers. His rustic audience was an eminently impressible one. They had no doubts of the awful reality and strict literalness of the dreadful verities of the Judgment Day. As knowing the terrors of the Lord, the preacher endeavoured to persuade men to flee from the wrath to come and to lay hold on eternal life. Sobs and cries of emotion were heard as wave after wave of intense feeling swept over the audience.

None of them had ever heard of Thomas of Celano's wonderful "Dies Irae, Dies Illa," yet every heart responded to its sublime imagery :

Day of wrath ! O day of mourning !
See fulfilled the prophet's warning,
Heaven and earth in ashes burning !

Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth.

Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth.

Death is struck and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking
To its Judge an answer making.

King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us !

Think, Lord Jesu, my salvation
Caused Thy wondrous Incarnation ;
Leave me not to reprobation.

Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me ;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me ?

Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning ;
Spare, O God, thy suppliant groaning.

While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me, with thy saints surrounded.

Ah ! that day of tears and mourning !
From the dust of earth returning
Man for judgment must prepare him ;
Spare, O God, in mercy spare him ! *

* The strange spell of this marvellous hymn is but inadequately felt in even the best translation. Never was the sonorous Latin tongue more grandly used. Dr. Johnson could never read the seventh of the following verses without weeping :

Dies irae, dies illa,
Solvat saeculum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sybilla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus !

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulcra regionum
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit, et natura,
Quum resurget creatura
Judicanti responsura.

Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis !

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viae
Ne me perdas illa die !

Quaerens me sedisti lassus,
Redemiste crucem passus :
Tantus labor non sit cassus !

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpa rubet vultus meus
Supplici parce, Deus !

The scene verged on the sublime. A sea of upturned faces were gazing with an awe-struck fascination on the earnest-souled preacher, who seemed inspired by the grandeur of his theme. Strong Rembrandt-like lights and shadows flitted over the congregation as the fires upon the raised platforms flared and flickered in the evening breeze, bringing into strong relief the intense expressions of hope or fear or anguish written on many a face. The foliage of the beeches and maples gleamed like burnished bronze in the bright light of the fires, blending into a silvery white where touched by the rays of the full moon riding in majesty in the heavens, and reflected in the broad reaches of the rushing river. And all around a dense girdle of darkness seemed to shut them in like a solid wall.

After the sermon, Dunham invited the "mourners" to come to the "penitent bench"—a rough slab of wood in front of the pulpit—and Losee and Reginald Pemberton "exhorted" the agitated multitude, while several of the brethren prayed in turn, or, indeed, sometimes two or three at once. Amid the tumult of cries and sobs and prayers, at intervals Elder Dunham or some one gifted in song would raise a hymn, which soon absorbed in its resonant cadences all other sounds. One hymn suggested by the subject of the sermon, sung in a minor key to a wailing sort of tune, seemed to shake the hearts of the entire assembly. It ran thus, with its sad refrain :

Oh, there'll be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning ;
 Oh, there'll be mourning
 At the judgment seat of Christ.

Then rang out the grand old hymn,

Lo ! He comes with clouds descending,

rising to an exulting pæan of triumph and holy joy :

Yea, Amen ! let all adore Thee,
 High on Thy eternal throne !
 Saviour, take the power and glory ;

Confutatis maledictis,
 Flammis acribus addictis
 Voca me cum benedictis.

Lacrymosa dies illa,
 Quæ resurget ex favilla
 Judicandus homo reus ;
 Huic ergo parce Deus !

Claim the kingdom as Thine own !
 Jah ! Jehovah !
 Everlasting God, come down !

Uncles Pomp and Jule, Mammy Dinah, Aunt Chloe and others of the Virginian slaves sat in a group by themselves, and ever and anon took captive the entire audience by some weird strain of singular sweetness and pathos, which it seemed to have caught from the murmuring of the night winds through the southern cypress groves. One of these ran—

I'll hear de trumpet sound
 Right early in de morning ;
 Gwine to ride up in de chariot
 Right early in de morning.

Another, which to us seems almost grotesque in its language, though it gave no such suggestion to its simple hearers, ran thus :

I'm a rolling, I'm a rolling, I'm a rolling
 Through an unfriendly world ;
 I'm a rolling, I'm a rolling
 Through an unfriendly world.
 O brothers, won't you help me ?
 O brothers, won't you help me to pray ?
 O brothers, won't you help me to pray ?
 Won't you help me in the service of the Lord ?

Of deep personal significance to many of these poor exiles and fugitives was the following :

When I was down in Egypt's land,
 Close by the river,
 I heard one tell of the Promised Land
 Down by the river side.

Chorus—We'll end this strife
 Down by the river ;
 We'll end this strife
 Down by the river side.

I never shall forget the day,
 Down by the river,
 When Jesus washed my sins away,
 Down by the river side.
 Cho.—We'll end, etc.

Shout, dear children, for you are free,
 Down by the river side ;
 Christ has bought your liberty,
 Down by the river side.
 Cho.—We'll end, etc.

The words and air of one of the most beautiful of these Southern songs were as follows :

My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thun-der; The
trumpet sounds it in my soul; I hain't got long to stay here.
Cho.—Steal a-way, steal a-way, steal a-way to Je-sus!
Steal a-way, steal a-way home; I hain't got long to stay here.

The favourite of all those weird refrains, however, with which those Southern exotics in our Northern clime used to solace their souls, singing the Lord's song in a strange land, was one which ran thus :

Swing low, sweet char-i - ot; Coming for to car-ry me home.
Swing low, sweet char-i - ot; Coming for to car-ry me home.

Elder Dunham had himself lived in the South, and knew how to make these tender plantation melodies subserve the interests of religion and deepen the impression of the preaching and the prayers. The result of the camp-meeting was a considerable accession to the Methodist Society, and also a deepening of the prejudice against their noisy services on the part of the quiet-loving Quakers, who at their meetings would sit silent for an hour communing with their own hearts, and then go away greatly edified. "They judged no man," they said, however. But Colonel Pemberton was less charitable. He strongly denounced the proceedings as a "perfect Bedlam," and seemed more than ever estranged from his son as a "fanatical Bedlamite."

WOMAN'S WORK FOR HEATHEN WOMEN.

BY MISS ISABEL HART.

MANIFESTLY, the chief purpose and work of the Christian Church is to be about its Father's business in recovering to Him the lost allegiance of the race. Only as we have some comprehension of the magnitude and some conviction of the importance of this work,—only as we gauge it from the height of God's love to the depth of man's need,—through all its manifold relations, out, on, into the illimitable, unspeakable future, do we realize that for its completion there must be the effectual working in its measure of every part, the development and exercise of every force. Manhood and womanhood must each bring its distinctive offerings as of old, in the typical tabernacle and temple, before throughout the whole earth shall arise an holy temple unto the Lord. The pæan of praise is to be universal, but the harmony will not be complete until there be added to the deep bass and strong tenor the thrill of the treble and the softness of the alto.

Two-thirds of the Christian Church, having this work in hand, are women, and few questions are better worth considering, how all that is in her, all that is distinctively, peculiarly feminine, may be wrought into this grand consummation, to accomplish which Christ came, and for which He waits, expecting until His enemies be made His footstool.

The interest of this problem is only equalled by its importance. How may a woman help Christ's kingdom come? Is there any spring in the machinery which only her fingers can touch and move? Are there any crooked or narrow places where only her feet can travel,—any rough spots that only her touch may smooth,—any low levels which only her hands can raise,—any recesses of sin and sorrow where only her voice can be heard? Then, from her Master she hears her call, and from Him receives her commission. The full answer to these queries, and the clear solution of this problem, comes to us only in the light of the nineteenth century.

This has well been called the Missionary epoch of the Church. In it she has heard the voice of her Lord crying, "Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O

Jerusalem." In it almost all the great organized aggressive agencies of the Church have had birth,—the Missionary, the Bible, the Tract, the Sabbath-school cause, have assumed their magnificent proportions and are wielding their tremendous powers. The century had about attained its meridian when a new want is felt among these agencies, and in response thereto a new voice is heard,—a still small voice,—yet none the less its whispers may reach where thunder tones might fail,—the woman's missionary movement appears. Like its Lord, "it doth not strive nor cry, neither shall its voice be heard in the street." Like the kingdom of heaven, it cometh without observation. Like all movements born from above, it came in the fulness of time. The Spirit prompted, and Providence prepared the way for it. The fields were just right for this sowing; the harvest was just ripe for these reapers; the world was just ready and reaching out for this agency. The missionary work had come to a point where it must have this help. The march of civilization had broken up the fallow ground, and gospel seed as dropped from pulpit and press had fallen into receptive and responsive soil. Yet the women sit in darkness and silence and chains. No man's presence may peer into that darkness—no man's voice break that silence—no man's hand loose those chains. So, while point after point was gained, and battlement after battlement was won, the citadel,—the home where life is generated, and character formed, and destiny shaped,—was intact and unapproachable. Evidently, some new factors are to be employed, some new forces exerted. Some key must be found which shall fit in the lock that is barring out Christ from the homes of heathendom. It avails not much to purify the streams if we may not touch the fountain. And womanhood is everywhere, under all conditions, in all civilizations, the fountain of life and influence. Who will, who can, teach, rescue, renew, raise, the women of heathendom? Then *down* goes heathendom, and *up* the family, the community, the civilization, the country, the race! *That* the momentous question to be answered, and *these* the tremendous issues at stake. These various women's missionary movements the practical response, the agencies God is employing in answering these questions.

For with Him the work to be done and the workers are never far apart—somewhere the supply will be found near the demand;

where there is hungering for any good thing, the filling will follow.

Contemporaneously, there were two awakenings,—one in the heathen, the other in the Christian world,—and the one was the complement of the other. *There* was an awakening to want of mind food, of soul food, of a better home life as home life only can be, with the home centre—woman—true and good and wise; an awakening to the falsity or failure of their own creeds, and a crying out for a more satisfying portion. *Here* the awakening of womanhood was almost as marked. The inanities, the superficialities, the conventionalities, of ordinary life, would not satisfy. She claimed higher culture—she wanted specific training—she knocked at the door of venerable and of progressive colleges for admission—she peered into science—she studied and practised the arts—she wanted more room to see, to breathe, to range—she asked for wider opportunities, for better work—she entered into the various activities and avocations of life. Evidently, she felt stirring within her the pulses of a new, yearning, bursting life, that must find expression in richer foliage, sweeter fragrance, riper fruitage, than she had hitherto borne. What all this meant, where all this tended, we did not know, we do not know now entirely; but we do in part. Underneath all this longing and seeking; in all the multiform benevolences and holy activities of the life, we discern a voice, saying: “*The Master is here and calleth for thee.*” Because she had heard that cry, and in response has said, “Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God!” the various missionary societies have their existence and work.

The philosophy of them is in the very nature of things; the argument for them in their necessity; the justification of them in their fruits. Here a woman may find a fitting field for the exercise of all her energies and powers,—here, in a way most womanly and most Christly, may she expend all her gifts of head and heart and life. And it is eminently fitting that she who came the nearest Christ in His birth and in His death, at His manger and at His tomb—she who ever found in Him when on earth fullest comprehension and deepest sympathy—she who now finds in Him, in Him alone, the Divine Human, combining infinite tenderness with infinite strength, the full supply of every want of her nature—she who owes Him most, having received from Him most—she who wears as her crowning glory what is hurled at her as her

supremest taunt, that the religion of Christ is good for the women and the children and the weak,—it is eminently fitting that the fulness of her gratitude and love should expend itself in seeking to raise other women from the depths to the same heights of renewing, redeeming grace. It is eminently fitting, it is blessed compensation, it is Divine retribution, that she who brought sin into the world, should also bring the Saviour—and that she, also, who brought the Saviour, should in these last days further on the finished work of human salvation, should bring the top-stone to the temple, with shoutings of “Grace! grace unto it!”

Women of the nineteenth century! dowered as never women were before, with gifts, with opportunities, with responsibilities—with all the world open to thy tread and waiting for thy help,—may God help thee to see in these somewhat the measure of thy duty—to discern in the light of thy privilege the weight of thy obligation—to know the blessedness, the grandeur, the awfulness of living *now*; that

To serve the present age,
Thy calling to fulfil,

demands a richer baptism, a fuller consecration, and involves grander possibilities than in all the years of the past.

Christian women of all ranks and denominations! let us join hands in one endeavour, with one thought, one prayer, one motto, one voice—*the women of all lands for Jesus!*

GIVING.

GIVE! as the morning, that flows out of heaven!
Give! as the waves, when their channel is riven!
Give! as the free air and sunshine are given;
Lavishly, utterly, joyously give!

Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing;
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth overglowing;
Not a pale bud from the June roses blowing:
Give as He gave thee, who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love like the rush of a river;
Wasting its waters for ever and ever,
Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver—
To receive is a joy far less great than to give.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

RETROSPECTION.

"Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee."—Deut. viii. 2.

"Cast not away, therefore, your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward,"—
Heb. x. 35.

HE was better to me than all my hopes,
He was better than all my fears ;
He made a road of my broken works,
And a rainbow of my tears.
The billows that guarded my sea-girt path,
But carried my Lord on their crest ;
When I dwell on the days of my wilderness march,
I can rest on His love for the rest.

He emptied my hands of my treasured store,
And His covenant love revealed ;
There was not a wound in my aching heart
But the balm of His breath had healed.
O, tender and true was the chastening sore,
In wisdom that taught and tried,
Till the soul that He sought was trusting in Him,
And nothing on earth beside.

He guided by paths that I could not see,
By ways that I have not known—
The crooked was straight, and the rough made plain,
As I followed the Lord alone.
I praise Him still for the pleasant palms,
And the water-springs by the way ;
For the glowing pillar of flame by night,
And the sheltering cloud by day.

There is light for me on the trackless wild,
As the wonders of old I trace,
When the God of the whole earth went before
To search me a resting-place.
Has He changed for me? Nay, He changes not ;
He will bring me by some new way,
Through fire and flood, and each crafty foe,
As safely as yesterday.

And if to the warfare He calls me forth,
He buckles my armour on ;
He greets me with smiles and a word of cheer
For battles His sword hath won.

He wipes my brow as I droop and faint,
He blessed my hand to toil ;
Faithful is He as He washes my feet
From the trace of each earthly soil.

Never a watch on the dreariest halt
But some promise of love endears ;
I read from the past that my future shall be
Far better than all my fears.
Like the golden pot of the wilderness' bread,
Laid up with the blossoming rod ;
All safe in the Ark with the law of the Lord,
Is the covenant care of my God.— *Anna Shipton.*

EVEN YOUR SANCTIFICATION.

The more sound our experience, the more quiet our piety, the more shall we understand that "this is the will of God, even our sanctification." This is the heaven we desire. We shall love it, and exult in it, in proportion as we love God and exult in God. Herein "the children of God have a supreme taste for likeness to God ; this is their chosen blessedness. The children of the devil have no such taste. They desire the incidental benefits of religion ; such as escape from hell, and from the dread of it, also supports and consolations under sorrows of life ; but they must own that renovation of nature, and the restored image of God, awaken none of their sensibilities. The soul that is born again is filled with expectations, which, however undefined, are at once spiritual and glorious. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be ; but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him ; for we shall see Him as He is."—*J. W. Alexander.*

THE HUMAN NEED.

Infinitely pathetic is the wail that broke from the lips of Pliny : "Give me new consolation great and strong, of which I have never heard or read. All that I have heard or read comes back to my memory, but my sorrow is too great !" On the title-page of one of his books Dr. Townsend has very significantly placed side by side two quotations, one from Seneca and the other from the Acts of the Apostles. "No man," says Seneca, "is able to clear himself : let some one give him a hand." And the sacred writer records : "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth,

rise up and walk. And He took him by the right hand and lifted him up."—*Central Advocate*.

SPIRITUAL FOOTHOLD.

There is a deeper lesson than what is usually observed in that pitiful wail of the psalmist, "As for me, my feet were almost gone, my steps had well-nigh slipped." The apparent prosperity of wicked men, and the secret temptation that he had "cleansed his heart in vain and washed his hands in innocency," had well-nigh overcome him. The crisis of mental suffering was reached with that utterance. "When I thought to know this it was too painful for me." But just such a crisis is usually God's opportunity. His sanctuary was opened to David; he entered within its sacred precincts; the divine glory filled the place; instantly his misconceptions vanished like mists before the rising sun. That problem of the "prosperity of the wicked" found an easy solution; it had been "too painful" for him until he "went into the sanctuary of God!" Now all mystery fled, for he had received full disclosures of "their end."

How many souls, even yet, are finding rest in the same way! Besides the cares of life, or the chastening of Providence, the Christian is often burdened with some peculiar mental conflict. But it is in the sanctuary of God that the "Spirit of the Lord lifts up a standard" against the enemy. As the anthem of praise ascends, as the Holy Spirit rests upon the assembly of worshippers, deliverance comes. The full heart, hitherto oppressed, breaks out in triumph: "Thou hast holden me by my right hand. Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory." This transition from deepest gloom to the opposite, depicted in the seventy-third Psalm, is an inspired record of what multitudes have realized in God's house. When our "steps had well-nigh slipped," our spiritual foothold has been made sure in His sanctuary. Fainting beneath life's burden, let every one exclaim, "My soul longeth for the courts of the Lord. My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God."

COURAGE.

And thou, O heavy and faltering seeker after a true life! lift up thy head; the heights before thee are steep, but they have been tracked by the feet of old saints and divine heroes; their summits are eternally effulgent, and when night lowers upon

thy path, angel watchers are there ascending and descending. And thou, whose lot it is no more to act, but only to suffer—even thy life may be sublimely real. The struggle with pain, the weary days and nights of confinement and languishing, the battle with agony and death—what an occasion hast thou in these for the exercise of the noblest virtues—patience, trust, brave resolution, self-conquest, and the victory over the grave! Thou art living sublimely, even in thus dying daily. Struggle on meekly but manfully; death is but a transient incident in thy life; the eternal future is still before thee. Lift up thy head and triumph!—*National Magazine.*

LIFE'S SABBATH.

“It is a favourite speculation of mine,” said Chalmers, “that if spared to sixty, we then enter upon the seventh decade of human life; and that this, if possible, should be turned into the Sabbath of our earthly pilgrimage, and spent Sabbatically, as if on the shore of an eternal world, or in the outer courts, as it were, of the temple that is above—the tabernacle in heaven. What enamours me all the more of this idea is the retrospect of my mother’s widowhood. I long, if God should spare me, for such an old age as she enjoyed.”

SILENT LOVE.

“An illiterate female,” said Dr. Chalmers, “in humble life, applied for admission to the sacrament; but at the customary examination could not frame one articulate reply to a single question that was put to her. It was in vain to ask her of the offices or mediation of Christ, or of the purpose of His death. Not one word could be drawn out of her; and yet there was a certain air of intelligent seriousness, and the manifestations of right and appropriate feeling—a heart and a tenderness indicated, not by one syllable of utterance, but by the natural signs of emotion, which fitly responded to the topics of the clergyman, whether she was spoken to of the sin that condemned her, or of the Saviour who atoned for it. Still, as she could make no distinct reply to any of his questions, he refused to enrol her as a communicant; when she, on retiring, called out, in the fulness of her heart, ‘I cannot speak for Him, but I could die for Him!’ The minister, overpowered, handed to her a sacramental token, although not a reason fell in utterance from her.”

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL CENTENNIAL.

*The Address of the REV. DR. PUNSHON, at the Guildhall,
London, June, 1880.*

MY LORD MAYOR,—Some 250 years ago, when a predecessor of yours commenced his civic reign, he was met on his return from Westminster by a gorgeous pageant, representing “The Triumph of Truth.” Truth herself approached him in her chariot, and conducted him to “London’s Triumphant Mount” (which must surely have been a euphonious way of baptizing Ludgate Hill). Here was a throne, veiled by mist, cast over it by Error’s disciples, Barbarism, Ignorance, Impudence, and Falsehood, four monsters with clubs. At the command of Truth the mist suddenly rose, and changed into a bright spreading canopy, stuck thick with stars, and beams of gold shooting forth round about it. On the throne sat London, as a Queen—at her back were Chastity, Simplicity, Meekness, and Fame—and her attendants were Religion, Liberality, Perfect Love, Modesty, and Knowledge. London and Truth then addressed the Lord Mayor, trusting that he would read this riddle, and that this symbolical teaching would fall on heedful ears. My Lord Mayor, these things are an allegory, fulfilled, I venture to think, by your presence on this day, as the chief magistrate of this great city, in this Hall, and in that chair. The institution, whose Centenary is celebrated, has been for a hundred years warring steadily against these monsters with clubs, and urging, with equal assiduity, the excellency of Religion and Knowledge. It has been among the agencies, not the least helpful, by which the turbulent London of the olden time has been exalted into the orderly London of to-day, and it is, therefore, at once honourable to yourself, and seemly to this great occasion, that you should have done your part to turn this pageant of the past into a bright reality, and to bring the dignity of your high office to assist at this Triumph of Truth. There is yet another historical reminiscence of this famous Hall, of which I am reminded to-day. Nearly four hundred years ago, in this same gay month of June, there was a great gathering of London citizens here, and, as in an assembly spoken of in the good Book, the major part

knew not wherefore they had come together. King Edward IV. had died a few weeks before. His son and successor, the child, King Edward V., was in the Tower, under the guardianship of a perfidious uncle; and to this Guildhall came the "deep, resolving, witty Buckingham," who used all the arts of sophistry and eloquence to persuade the city to proclaim Richard of Gloucester, king. I see before me a vast throng, not from London only, but from all quarters of the globe, all animated with an intelligent purpose, needing no eloquence to persuade them, to do honour under God, not to Richard, but to *Robert of Gloucester*, who sought no honour for himself, who with a royal soul did a truly royal work, and who, whether or not he be universally conceded to be the Founder, was certainly one of the earliest apostles of the great Sunday School movement and enterprise, which has now become such a widespread corporation of honour.

I confess I am not careful to determine a controversy which may be left to philanthropic archæologists; but with which the workers of to-day need have but little concern. Sooth to say, the thought of gathering the children—as old in its conception as the days of the prophet Joel—commended to his followers by one of the most beautiful symbolismes of the Saviour's life, recognized as one of the comeliest expressions of the Divine tenderness of Christianity, *must*, in the nature of things, have been born almost simultaneously into more hearts than one. God sows His seeds of Truth broadcast, and they spring up in different furrows when His time of harvest comes. So while I honour Robert Raikes as the man raised up by God to be the publisher, the systematizer of the vast idea—a work for which his circumstances as a journalist admirably fitted him—I should not like to dissociate from the happy companionship those in past ages, and in all churches, who have endeavoured, however feebly, to fulfil the ministry to the children. The energetic Cardinal Borromeo, of Milan, and Alleine, the fervid Nonconformist, and Stock and Glasse, the parochial clergymen, and Hannah Ball and Sophia Cook, the godly Methodist women, the one labouring unostentatiously at Wycombe, the other marching with Raikes at the head of his ragged regiment through the streets of Gloucester, and numbers more who have done the quiet, lightning deed, that lacked the applauding thunder at its heels which men

call fame. 'They all should walk in white, for they are worthy, and if the faithful in glory have earthly sympathies and recognitions still, with what gladness must they look down upon twelve millions of children now directed Sabbath after Sabbath by one million teachers to the cross of the one Saviour, and be lost in adoring wonder at the results of the blessed inspiration, which a stray thought of philanthropy to them, has been made by God one of the moral motive powers of the world. My resolution speaks of an incalculable amount of good effected by Sunday Schools already, and these words are not conventional exaggerations, but words of truth and soberness. One of the most recent marvels of science is an invention for *seeing* by telegraph. It is only an imperfect process yet, but in ten years more they say some wealthy American will be able to add to his collection of art treasures, a gem which he has *seen* before he purchased it by telegraph from Munich, or London, or Rome. If we had the diaphote—if this process could be applied to our mental vision, and the results of a century of Sunday Schools could be projected before us, I fancy the most sanguine of us would be astonished above measure. There is no conceivable aspect of human society upon which they have not wrought a blessing. If you think of them as a refining influence, Adam Smith shall speak, and being a philosopher, he was not likely to be distempered by enthusiasm. "No plan," he says, "has promised to effect a change of manners with equal ease and simplicity since the days of the Apostles." If you think of them as a political influence, you have only to contrast the unreasoning disorder of former periods of discontent and scarceness, with the sublime endurance of the sufferers in the cotton famine; and in the opinion of those well qualified to judge, it was very largely the Sunday School which had wrought the change. If you think of them as an educational force, in how many instances has the Sunday School aroused the dormant mind, stimulated the desire for all other acquirements, and made the people avaricious for knowledge? If you think of their reproductive power, they have been fruitful in suggestions of other and higher good. There can be little doubt, I think, that the little Sunday School girl in Wales, who had no Bible, was the seed thought which, germinating in the mind of Charles of Bala, flowered out at last into the British and Foreign Bible Society, and in like manner

Ragged Schools, and Night Schools, and Penny Banks and Loan Libraries, and a host of kindred charities have sprung into being as, in the working of Sunday Schools, each successive need was discovered. If you gauge their social results, you find that cleanliness, and thrift, and an unselfish kindness and a smiling troop of domestic virtues have followed in their train. If you speak of their moral effect in the measure in which their influence has been realized, men have been redeemed from coarseness; cruelty has had her arm paralysed and her knife blunted; fraud and lust and drunkenness have become no longer things of glorying, but of shame; men have breathed more freely, as if they felt the bracing air-waves of a purer atmosphere, and have wondered whence the healing came. If you speak of their spiritual results, chiefest and most permanent of all, you might count by thousands those who have received in them the first upward impulse to a true and noble life, and heaven—the home of the faithful—has housed thousands upon thousands more. Yes, the good has been simply incalculable. If the great and wise among us, our statesmen and rulers, do not see it, and are not ready to acknowledge the institution as one of the most effective bulwarks of loyalty, and order, and all that pertains to the highest weal of the Commonwealth—well, I think their faculty of appreciation must have become grievously impaired—while we, who are wont to look beyond second causes to the sources and spring of all, can only say in reverent thankfulness, “This is the Lord’s doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.”

One other thought and I have done. The practical part of my resolution is that which refers to the further development of a system which has worked so well. Since this celebration was mooted, we have been told by some that the time for Sunday Schools is past—that in the times of ignorance they did a noble work, but the world has outgrown them. They are an anachronism now. The time has come for them to gather the robe about them like Cæsar, and die gracefully, and then perhaps these people who would like to write them out of life would give them a decent burial and an honourable epitaph. Well, now, my Lord Mayor, I have a strong sympathy with those who conscientiously object either to die before their time, or to be buried before they are dead. The work of the Sunday School is not ended yet. It is but beginning the toil of its mature man-

hood. As a simple arrangement for teaching the children to read—the need is superseded, but that was only its infant development—it has become now a constituent of every well-ordered state, and a healthy necessity of all church life. The world wants it yet. Society is not purified. The monsters with clubs are yet paramount in many a neighbourhood, and men sacrifice to gods which smite them. All homes are not Bethanies where the church is in the house, and Jesus is the never-failing friend. The waters which flow down our streets are not all healing waters. The plague is in the midst of us, and there yet wails out the cry of the children—urgent and pitiful—that men would stand between the living and the dead. Moreover, the workers are better fitted for their work than they ever were. They understand the needs of their clients, and the adaptation of their agency. They have a keener recognition of the royal humanity which, even in the vilest, underlies the craft and the crime. They have a firmer faith in the Gospel, since they have seen its victories in cases where civilization has despaired, and where worldly wisdom has passed hopelessly by. They have a more generous appreciation of the value of warm human contact, and know that in many cases of seemingly mortal malady, they can save life by transfusion of blood. What! give up now, with ample opportunity, and passionate needs, and hardly earned wisdom, and the constraint of a resistless compassion, and unexpected and most blessed harvests gathered already! Rather let this Centenary celebration be the occasion of greater devotion, of a girding on of the armour afresh, of a determination to make the Sunday School system more scientific in its appliances, and therefore mightier, through God, to the pulling down of strongholds, of a more thorough drinking in of the spirit of the Master, who watcheth and rewardeth all labour, and so on through the bright successions of the suns,

When they who sow the seed shall reap the corn,
And having reaped and garnered, bring the plough
And draw new furrows 'neath the healthy mow,
And plant the great Hereafter in the Now.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

SUMMER RESORTS.

This designation has in recent times acquired a new meaning. A few years ago it suggested nothing but a fashionable watering-place—a Newport, Long Branch, or Saratoga, with their dancing and dissipation, their folly and frivolity, and worse,—resorts where people professing godliness could not go nor take their families without the deterioration of their moral tone, if they did not, indeed, receive more positive injury. But now the phrase embraces a class of health-resorts where the mental and moral powers as well as those of the body may be invigorated and developed. Martha's Vineyard, Orchard Beach, Ocean Grove, Round Lake, the Thousand Islands, Chautauqua, and our own Grimsby, are places of spiritual as well as of physical refreshing. It is well that it is so. No class need more the rest and strength to be gained from the cool breezes by the waterside than the toiling denizens of the crowded cities—the teachers, and preachers, and clerks and merchants, with their wives worn with household cares, and children cooped up many months in school, who, nevertheless, cannot afford the costly relaxation of the fashionable resort, even if their conscientious scruples did not prevent them from participation in such frivolous scenes.

These new summer resorts have some features in common with the old-fashioned camp-meetings, but they have also many marks of difference. The latter was a purely religious service, lasting for a week or ten days, during which every thought and energy was directed to the great work of soul-saving. The former last all summer, and embrace a wide range of interests,—Temperance, Education, Sunday-school and Young Men's Christian Association work, Christian Science, and the like. Their more comprehensive character, their longer duration, and the greater number

of visitors, warrant the expenditure of much larger sums of money in the erection of cottages and preparation of programmes than the old time week's Feast of Tabernacles in the woods. It is of no use to complain that they do not possess the fire and fervour of the camp-meeting. Neither preachers nor people could sustain the strain of working at such high tension for so prolonged a period. Much is gained if the summer rest of busy toilers can be enjoyed under Christian auspices and leavened with religious influence.

Not that the soul-saving purpose of the early camp-meetings is overlooked. On the contrary, at most if not all of these gatherings a camp-meeting proper is a prominent part of the series of meetings, generally at the beginning, so as to hallow and consecrate all the rest. This period, we deem, should be given solely and intensely to the work of conversion and religious edification. This is not the time for recreation, nor even for rest. These may, without incongruity, be blended with the later meetings; but the great work of soul-saving demands the undivided consecration of all the powers and all the time.

Another thought that urges itself is, that the Sundays during the whole series of meetings should be sacredly hallowed unto God. No excursions by water or by land—not even carriages from the neighbouring town—should be allowed to enter the enclosure on the Lord's Day. Thus only can its sanctity be duly observed. We were greatly impressed with the holy Sabbath calm that pervaded the Thousand Island Park during our recent visit. The busy dock, which was crowded all the rest of the week, was silent. Two or three steamboats which had brought excursions on Saturday were tied up at the wharf till Monday morning. A steamer which tried to land was denied the privilege, and had to go away. It

was a grand demonstration of the sanctity of the Sabbath. The church-going bell and the hallowed notes of praise and prayer were the only sounds that blended with the Sabbath stillness of the place. This wise and righteous policy has not everywhere been observed, and these summer gatherings and even camp-meetings themselves have sometimes been made the occasion of Sabbath-breaking, trafficking, and unseemly secularism and levity.

While these gatherings have developed many admirable features, we think they are in some respects capable of still greater improvement. Their pleasant international character is one of their most agreeable features. The Union Jack and Stars and Stripes blend in friendly folds over the speakers' stand,—may they never meet in less kindly embrace! "God Save the Queen" and "My Country, 'tis of Thee," are sung by the voices of kindred but long mutually estranged people. And speakers and people of the two neighbouring nations learn to know each other better and to love each other more. But there is still, we think, not sufficient opportunity for cultivating these social amenities. In their anxiety for communicating instruction, the managers have filled every day, morning, afternoon, and night, with services, which, however interesting, are apt to pall upon the jaded or sated appetite. And many, perhaps most, go to these places for rest and recreation rather than for work. We think an occasional half-holiday, to enjoy the beauties of nature and the pleasures of social intercourse, would be appreciated by many more than a ceaseless round of meetings.

Then some special facilities for this social intercourse should be provided. The great auditorium answers for public meetings, and is most of the time engrossed by them; but it is not suited to informal social gatherings. There should be a great parlour, or assembly room, with a piano, pictures, flowers, lounges, and a broad piazza—a sort of social exchange, where people may come to meet friends whom they already know, and form the acquaintance of

those whom they wish to know. As it is, people may come and remain for weeks and go away without enlarging their circle of acquaintance—one of the chief pleasures of these gatherings—and feeling all the time that greatest loneliness of being unknown and unknown though in a crowd. To these permanent residents we would give by invitation a weekly reception; and instead of an oppressive programme of music or addresses, filling every moment, we would have an informal gathering—a little music, and the most of the time given for the opportunity for introductions and for the enjoyment of that almost lost art, the art of conversation. We believe that these social amenities would add greatly to the popularity and pleasure and profit, in both senses of that word, of these gatherings. We have social as well as religious and intellectual natures, and the former should be cultivated under Christian auspices as well as the latter. If young people, especially, cannot enjoy these social amenities at summer resorts under such auspices, they will seek them amid the demoralizing influences of worldliness and frivolity, of dancing and dissipation.

RECENT DEATHS.

Mrs. and Mr. Sherwood, Mr. Wilkes and Children, and Rev. Hall Christopherson.—Never has it fallen to our lot to record a more tragical series of disasters than that which has recently stirred the sympathy of the whole Canadian community.

The ministers of the Toronto Conference and the large congregation who attended the Conference services in Belleville, in last June, will not soon forget the deep feeling and exquisite skill with which the late Mrs. Captain Sherwood, the daughter of the Rev. John Shaw, sang on Sunday evening that beautiful and touching hymn, "My Ain Countrie." Who could have thought that that bright young life, so full of happiness and with such fair promise of the future, was so soon to be quenched in death! But so, in the inscrutable mysteries of His Providence, God willed. On Thursday, August 12th, less than six

months from her wedding day, Mrs. Sherwood fell from the deck of the steamer *Norseman*, of which her husband was Captain, and, notwithstanding every effort to rescue her, was drowned. But still another tragic event was to occur. Her husband was greatly shocked and prostrated by this dreadful blow, and by the advice of his brother-in-law, Dr. J. M. Shaw, a dose of quinine was prescribed. But through a mistake of the druggist's assistant, a dose of morphine was given instead, and the very day after his wife's funeral he also died. The double blow so smote with a terrible shock the hearts of the mother and elder sister of Mrs. Sherwood, that at the time of our writing they both lie prostrate of a serious illness. Brother Shaw and his afflicted household will have the sympathy and prayers in their sore bereavement of all who hear this tale of sorrow. But especially will those who knew the deceased lady lament the loss of a personal friend, whose rare accomplishments, whose genial manners, whose cheerful disposition endeared her to all who were privileged with her acquaintance.

While the public mind was still harrowed with this painful tragedy came the intelligence of another, if possible still more dreadful—the death by drowning, on the 16th inst., of Mr. Robert Wilkes and two of his children at Sturgeon Point. His only son and second daughter, aged respectively thirteen and fifteen, were bathing while their father rowed a small boat near at hand. The lad, attempting to reach his father's boat, sank beneath the water. Mr. Wilkes plunged in to rescue him, and found himself beyond his depth. His daughter Florence, rushing to their assistance, got also beyond her depth, and thus all three perished in full view of the shore. Mrs. Wilkes, who was an eyewitness of the dreadful tragedy, rushed into the water and was with difficulty prevented from losing her life in a futile attempt to save those so dear to her. Prompt efforts were made to rescue the bodies, but, alas! the spark of life had fled. Although that of Florence

was still warm, yet every attempt at its resuscitation was in vain.

The heart of the community in which he lived was deeply stirred with sympathy and grief, as the funeral services of Mr. Wilkes and his two children took place. The church, in whose recent reconstruction he took such an active part, was filled to its utmost capacity, and very many were moved to tears as they looked their last on the friend whom they had lost, and listened to the testimony, as to his life and character, of his pastor, Dr. Hunter, and of others who knew him well and loved him much.

In Robert Wilkes the Methodist Church of Canada lost one of its most deeply devoted members, one of its wisest counsellors, one of its most generous supporters. His life-story, were it fully told, would be an inspiration to the young men of Canada to make their lives, like his, sublime. Coming to this country from Ireland at an early age, his industry and energy soon procured for him a responsible position and the confidence of his employers. His remarkable business talents were rewarded by remarkable business success. But the great epoch of his life was his conversion to God under the ministry of James Caughey, in this city, some five-and-twenty years ago. With characteristic energy and zeal he devoted himself to active Christian work and to the use of every available means for mental improvement. Though much engrossed in business, he profited greatly from the instructions of the late Professor Esson, of Knox College, and from the careful study of the best English literature, and especially of the Word of God. In the spare moments of a busy life he acquired a fluent command of the German language, a knowledge of French, and some acquaintance with Latin and Hebrew, and we think also of Greek. Extensive travel, wide reading, and keen observation gave him a knowledge of men and things and books not often combined.

For many years he was an active worker in the New Connexion

Church in this city, and one of its most liberal supporters. But no spark of bigotry was in his nature. He longed and laboured for the unity of the Methodism of Canada; and largely through his influence was the union between the New Connexion and the Wesleyan Methodist Church effected. In the newly organized Methodist Church of Canada he became an energetic worker, and a generous contributor to all its schemes of religious, beneficent, and educational effort. As an eloquent and fervent preacher, as an able and logical writer, as a wise counsellor in the leading Committees of the Church, as a zealous and successful class-leader, and as a generous giver, he laboured with remarkable ability and success for the cause of God. Into public life he carried the same indomitable energy. He represented the important constituency of Centre Toronto for some years in the Dominion Parliament, and made his influence strongly felt both in Committee and on the floor of the House. As a member of the Toronto Board of Trade, his judgments on commercial questions carried with them great weight. For literature he had a passion, and no ordinary skill, as shown by his recent articles in this Magazine and in the *Canadian Monthly*.

But this is no place for eulogy of the secular success of his career, but of simple recognition of his moral worth. He was, in all the relations of life, one of the best men we ever knew. In his almost continuous travel he was ever on the alert to speak a word in season for the Master whom he served—in the railway train, at the hotel, in the pauses of business—always and everywhere. As a son and brother, as a husband and father, his devotion and tenderness well deserve the grief with which his loss is mourned. For his bereaved widow, who is a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Cooke, a distinguished member of the New Connexion Conference in England, and the well-known author of many able theological works, and for the seven orphan children, some of them too young to know their loss, the sympa-

thy and prayers of the Church will not be wanting.

To ourselves personally this death is felt as the loss of one of the best friends we ever knew. He was for many years our devoted Sunday-school teacher and class-leader. When travelling all the week, he would study on the trains and at the railway stations the lesson, and on Sunday bring the treasures of his well-stored mind and the magnetism of his loving heart, and often with tears in his eyes, to grapple with the consciences of his class. His moral earnestness was intense. In prayer he seemed to wrestle as Jacob at Bethel, and like him he had power with God and prevailed. Through over a score of years of ever-growing friendship, our boyhood's attachment deepened into the love and admiration of our maturer years. He was never too busy for the kind greeting, the wise counsel, the thoughtful epistle, the generous aid for any cause that needed help. The very last conversation we had with him a short time before his death is a sacred memory, almost a dying testimony of his faith. We were conversing of the difficulty of meeting the current of infidelity which is so rife in society. "I find argument of little use," he said. "The best answer to the cavils of infidels is your own experience;" and he told of a skeptic whom he had recently met, who scoffed at the idea of God or of a future state. "You may think me a fanatic if you will," replied Mr. Wilkes, "but I not only feel with the deepest convictions of my soul that there is a God, but with all the powers of my being I love Him intensely, and at this moment He holds communion with my spirit by the Holy Ghost given unto me." The skeptic's proud look fell, his lip quivered, and, grasping the bold witness for his Master by the hand, he exclaimed with emotion, "I would give the world if I could say that. My sister, the best woman living, believes as you do. I wish I could."

Such was the manner of man whom God in His inscrutable providence called from labour for the Church on earth to the everlasting

reward of the Church on high. No time was there for dying words; but is not this testimony, uttered in the fulness of health and the freedom of social intercourse, a golden testimony such as all of us would desire to leave behind? In our departed brother, the poor, the sick, the sorrowing lost a generous helper and a sympathizing friend. Of his private benefactions the world will never know. He was one who "did good by stealth," and would have "blushed to find it fame."

In the presence of such crushing calamities as those above recorded, permitted by an all-wise Providence, one can only bow the head and say, "I was dumb; I opened not my mouth; because thou didst it."

Yet another admonition of our mortality has, during the month, come from the ranks of the ministry of our Church, in the death of the Rev. Hall Christopherson, of the London Conference. For a long time he had been laid aside from the active work through spinal dis-

ease. He bore his sufferings with Christian fortitude and resignation. He was in the 23rd year of his ministry, and the forty-fifth of his age. He died at the residence of J. H. Flagg, Esq., of Mitchell, and enjoyed the kind ministrations of loving friends. Our departed brother was a man of genial spirit and unassuming piety, an earnest worker in his circuit duties and in Sunday-school conventions and the like. Our connexional periodicals have often been enriched by his thoughtful and vigorous writings. He was also an accomplished artist, sketching from nature with great fidelity. Many of his sketches have been engraved in the *Canadian Illustrated News*. When we last saw our departed brother at the Hamilton Conference he spoke of the weary days and sleepless nights appointed to him; but also of the consolations of God which sustained him amid them all.

Servant of God, Well done;
Rest from thy loved employ.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The one hundred and thirty-seventh Annual Conference commenced in the old historic City Road Chapel, London, July 29th, at 9.30 a.m. At the hour of commencing nearly one thousand ministers were present. Rev. E. E. Jenkins, M.A., was elected to the office of President, and the Rev. M. C. Osborn was re-elected for the third time to the office of Secretary. Both these gentlemen, it will be remembered, are secretaries of the Missionary Society, so that their labours must be abundant.

"The Legal Hundred" is a kind of legion of honour, to which members of Conference are elected by nomination, and according to se-

niority. Vacancies are created by death, and by retirement from the "active work" four years in succession. This year there were six vacancies, to fill which Revs. John Baker, M.A., William Wilson, (the well-known missionary in Fiji,) Samuel Walker, T. B. Stephenson, M.A., Thomas Brooks, and W. H. Dallinger, F.R.S., were duly elected.

The speech of the President on taking the chair was remarkably chaste and comprehensive, and very appropriate to the times. There is only one session daily, from nine o'clock until four, with a brief adjournment at noon for lunch, which is served in the Morning Chapel, so called from the fact that in the early days of Methodism it was used for

the services which were held every morning at five o'clock.

The open session of Conference was held on the evening of the first day, when every inch of space was occupied in the venerable sanctuary. Addresses were delivered by Revs. Dr. Applebe, John Kerr, and Charles Robertson, representatives from the Irish Conference. Mr. Kerr said, "There never was a time when Roman Catholics were more accessible than at the present time. He had spent a good deal of time in the famished districts, and he believed that had it not been for British sympathy many would have perished of starvation. This sympathy had done more to promote good feeling towards England than all the Acts of Parliament could have done. He had himself preached to hundreds of Roman Catholics. Some of the most genuine conversions with which they had been favoured were those of Romanists. A better day he believed was about to dawn upon Ireland. The closing of public-houses on Sundays had diminished arrests for drunkenness by seventy per cent."

The address from the last General Conference of our Church in Canada was read by the Secretary. The Rev. S. Coley, D.D., was to have presented a report of his visit to our country, but, through not being able to attend Conference by reason of illness, he had requested Dr. Punshon to stand up in his stead, but Dr. Punshon was so unwell as to be absent from the session.

Rev. James Hocart was present as a representative from France, and addressed the Conference in a very interesting style. He had been a minister in France for forty-six years, and had preached from eight to ten times weekly in the French language. There were, he said, a few encouraging features in connection with their work in France. They had raised up a native ministry. They could even raise more than they could support, and so had supplied other churches very considerably. The Reformed Church had said to them, "Give us your local preachers and we will ordain them." The law of military service had operated disadvantage-

ously to them in depriving them of many promising young men. French Methodism has cared for the young; it has kept John Wesley's rule of holding weekly meetings for the children and young people. Most of their leaders and local preachers had come from their Sunday-schools. Hundreds of ladies, too, had been educated in the Lille school, many of whom had become truly converted, and had gone forth as teachers through the length and breadth of the land.

The President said that it was his privilege to attend the Conference in France a fortnight before. He admired the harmony of the brethren there, and was astonished to find the chapel full every night, and at every service, even the prayer-meetings, the box went round and a collection was made. . . He attended one very peculiar service. It was not exactly a preaching service, but a service in which Christ and His religion could be introduced. Not one present belonged to the poorer classes; all were gentlemen and ladies of intelligence. Prayer was offered. Hymns were sung. The subject of the address was "Reformation," which the speaker said should begin in the family, and very ingeniously he brought out Christ and His Gospel, and such was the feeling that even the ladies clapped their hands with delight after certain passages, especially when he said that the mother was the rightful priest of the children; and he was surprised that although the preacher discoursed for one hour and a quarter, only two persons left the room.

Rev. W. Gibson also briefly addressed the Conference, and said that in a few words he wished to make a statement of the present condition of France. There has never been a period in the history of the nation when the people were so ready to listen to the Gospel as to-day. Wherever, in any town in France, a hall is opened for preaching it will be crowded to its utmost capacity. There is such liberty as has not been known for centuries, and where application is made to the authorities it is never refused, so that practically we may go through the length

and breadth of the land to preach the Gospel.

Sir E. Watkin, M.A., of the South Eastern Railway, sent a courteous letter offering to convey the Conference to Canterbury and back, but, for lack of time, the kind offer had to be declined.

Mark Firth, Esq., a well-known wealthy member of the Methodist New Connexion Church at Sheffield, sent a cheque for one thousand pounds sterling to the Conference. The money is to be used in connection with the Connexional educational institutions.

The memorial stones of the new theological institution at Birmingham were laid a few weeks before Conference. The building stands high on a natural terrace, in a campus of 17 acres. It contains every convenience for the purposes for which it is designed, and will cost, including grounds, \$100,000, of which \$62,500 was granted from the Thanksgiving Fund.

Rev. Dr. Jobson, who has been Book Steward 16 years, has resigned his position. His health has been very feeble for some time past. He has served the Connexion faithfully, and is worthy of the great esteem in which he is held.

The Friendly Islands have been evangelized in the lifetime of one man. Rev. John Thomas, the first missionary to those islands, is now living, old and feeble, near Birmingham, England. He is supported by his converts.

The Australian Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Board determined recently to sell the missionary ship *John Wesley*, and purchase one better fitted for the work needed. The new ship is double the size of the old one, and is to be called the *John Hunt*, in memory of a noble Polynesian missionary. It is to be the property of the Australian Missionary Committee, and to be paid for by collections in the Methodist Sabbath-schools of that country.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Rev. Dr. A. C. George and General Clinton B. Fisk have been appointed on the Executive Committee

(American section) to prepare the programme for the Ecumenical Conference to meet in London, August, 1881.

The Book Committee fixes the salaries of the officers of the General Conference. The salary of each of the four bishops elected by the recent General Conference will be \$3,000 and \$1,000 for house rent.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

A net gain was made last year of over 31,000 members. The Nashville *Christian Advocate* adds: "Without special watchfulness and prayer, the figures will be smaller this year. A Presidential canvass has not usually been found favourable to religion."

The Bishops met at Chattanooga, June 23rd, and elected 19 clerical and 19 lay delegates to attend the Ecumenical Conference. Names not to be given to the public until it is known whether the parties elected will accept. Bishops Pierce, McTyeire, and Wightman are the three members of the Episcopal College designated to attend.

The Book Committee, after a thorough investigation of the affairs of the Publishing House at Nashville, at their late annual meeting, found that the business of the house had increased in every department—sale of books and circulation of periodicals enlarged; no debts created.

Rev. Young J. Allen, D.D., one of the missionaries at Shanghai, has been made a mandarin by the Chinese Government. "The only instance," says the *Southern Missionary Herald*, "in which a foreigner was ever honoured with such a title. It gives Dr. Allen great influence and advantage among the Chinese, which, we are glad to believe, he is using to the furtherance of the Gospel."

CANADA.

The Relief and Extension Fund Committee of Newfoundland Conference reports that \$3,000 have been contributed to this fund by that Conference. Two of the circuits which have hitherto been dependent cir-

cuits have ceased to be such; one is Harbour Grace and the other Bonavista.

The first sod of a new Baptist College to be erected on the University grounds, Toronto, was turned recently by the Hon. William McMaster, which, with the ground, will cost \$75,000.

EVANGELISTIC MOVEMENTS.

The lady evangelist, Mrs. VanCott, travelled a distance of 143,417 miles during the fourteen years of her ministry; preached 4,294 sermons, besides conducting 9,333 other religious meetings, and writing 9,853 letters. The strain of so much work has proved too great for her nervous system, and she has retired from the field, probably for ever.

Rev. William Taylor and his missionary associates, Mr. and Mrs. Gregg, reached the city of Para, Brazil, June 19, after a voyage of fourteen days. Their reception augurs well for their success.

As these notes are being prepared, thousand are attending the "Feasts of Tabernacles." No doubt many others would be glad to attend if circumstances would permit. More than one hundred camp-meetings were recently announced in the columns of the *New York Christian Advocate*. Grimsby and Thousand Island Park have been well patronized during the season. The International Temperance Camp Meetings at both places were more than usually impressive, while the Sunday-school Parliament at the latter was

not behind any of those of previous years.

The Oka Indians for the fourth time have undergone a trial for the burning of the Roman Catholic Church at Oka, and have been acquitted in every instance. It is somewhat significant that while these poor Indians are thus persecuted by successive prosecutions, Father Faure, a priest indicted for arson at Gatineau, at the same term, at Aylmer, has been acquitted through the technical defect in the indictment of describing manufactured lumber merely as wood. What must be his moral elevation when he gladly takes advantage of this means of escaping trial, though he must still bear the odium of the true bill found against him by the grand jury? A curious circumstance in the Indian trial is that the Crown prosecutor is a Methodist; and with Mr. McLauren for the defence there is retained a decided Roman Catholic, Mr. Foran, who, by the way, secured the discharge of Father Faure. It is hoped that the Indian troubles at Oka will soon terminate, as they are to be removed to Parry Sound. The Government should have been possessed of sufficient magnanimity to have removed them from Oka long ago, or in some way have silenced their persecutors.

Joseph Onesakenrat, or Chief Joseph, as he is known in the Dominion, was ordained at the recent session of Montreal Conference, and is stationed at the Indian mission at Caughnawaga and Cornwall Island.

BOOK NOTICES.

Memorials of Frances Ridley Havergal. By her Sister, M. V. G. H. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson and Methodist Book Rooms.

This is a handsome Canadian edition of the Life of the Sweet Singer and saint of God who has won a place in many a Canadian heart. Instead of giving a review of our own, which pressure of work pre-

vents, we condense from *The Wesleyan* the following outline of the beautiful life sketched in this volume:

"Miss Havergal was favoured by God with almost every advantage and every gift which could fit one for effective work of the best kind for Christ. She was a child of godly and intelligent parents, in

easy circumstances, and moving in the most cultured society. Her father was a parish clergyman and Canon of Worcester. She had the advantages of education, of foreign travel and residence, and of abundant leisure for study and evangelical work ; and was endowed with wonderful mental power, and with considerable poetical and musical ability. All her various powers and opportunities she laid upon the altar of God. The result is a life of singular beauty and usefulness ; and a long list of books containing prose, poetry, and music, some of which have obtained a circulation never perhaps, in so short a time, surpassed by religious works.

"Of her great mental power this memoir gives abundant proof. In a German school of more than a hundred young ladies she was easily the first, and her natural ability was developed by unwearied toil, and was directed to the noblest aims—the study of the Bible and the spiritual benefit of mankind. As a singer and composer of songs she excelled. And she entered heartily into such healthful exercises as riding, swimming and mountain climbing. In short, a rare combination of the highest advantages, coupled with great industry and with whole-hearted loyalty to Christ, produced a still rarer combination of almost every kind of excellence. In addition to the French and German languages, which Miss Havergal spoke fluently, and Italian, of which she knew something, she had some acquaintance with Hebrew, and apparently a fair knowledge of New Testament Greek. Occasionally, in the letters given in the biography, Greek type, unusual in ladies' correspondence, is needed.

"All these advantages were laid upon the altar which sanctifieth the gift and the giver. A full and clear sense of the need and the privilege of a definite knowledge of forgiveness of sins and a new birth breathes through almost every page, bearing fruit in ceaseless efforts for the conversion of individuals. And even more welcome to us is the very definite experience of full

deliverance from all sin and of whole-hearted, because divinely-wrought, loyalty to Christ. Indeed, to her the entrance into this experience was more definitely marked than that of the forgiveness of sins. We quote her own words on page 126:

"Yes, it was on Advent Sunday, December 2, 1873, I first saw clearly the blessedness of full consecration. I saw as a flash of electric light ; and what you *see* you can never *unsee*. There must be full surrender before there can be full blessedness. God admits you by the one into the other. He Himself showed me all this most clearly. . . . First, I was shown that "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin," and then it was made plain to me that He who thus cleansed me had power to keep me clean ; so I just utterly yielded myself to Him, and utterly trusted Him to keep me."

The following verses are at once a specimen of her poetic powers, and an illustration of her entire consecration :

Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

Take my moments and my days ;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and "beautiful" for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold ;
Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will and make it Thine
It shall be no longer mine.

Take my heart ; it is Thine own ;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love ; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.

Take myself, and I will be
Ever, *only*, ALL for Thee.

Passages from the Diary of an Early Methodist. By the late RICHARD ROWE. London : Strahan & Co.

When we first read this touching story in the pages of a bulky Lon-

don magazine, we were so impressed with its beauty and pathos, and fervid religious spirit, that we resolved to share the pleasure and profit of its perusal with the readers of this Magazine. As the story was published anonymously, we could not credit it to its real author. We have since learned that it is the work of Richard Rowe, the son of a Wesleyan minister, who was also the author of the "Episodes in an Obscure Life," and "Odd Characters," so well known to many of our readers. The accomplished author recently died under painful circumstances in a London hospital. He was afflicted with a cancer in the mouth, and after setting his worldly affairs in order, he went to a hospital for its treatment, but in a few days died. He leaves, we learn, his family slenderly provided for, and his publishers, Messrs. Strahan & Co., have opened a subscription on their behalf. The readers of his books who wish to express substantially their gratitude for the pleasure and profit they have derived therefrom may remit to his English publishers; or any sums entrusted to the Editor of this Magazine will be duly acknowledged and forwarded. Mr. Percival Bunting writes an admirable introduction to his last story, which is very highly commended by the English press, as will be seen in the following extracts.

Of this remarkable tale the London *Watchman* says:—"The book throughout palpitates with genuine old Methodist experience and feeling. We have been unable to read it, except with moistened eyes and deeply moved heart. It brings all the glow and love and gladness of primitive Methodism most vividly to our conscience. It would do the younger Methodists of the present generation no little good to ponder these pages, and to drink in the feeling which they so skilfully represent. Few who begin the book will lay it down till they have read it through."

The *Methodist Recorder* says:—"This is a charming book, written with an exquisite art which looks

like artlessness, and with an amazing faculty of minute observation. It tells, with painful accuracy, much of the persecution upon which ordinary chronicles are silent, but which not a few of the early Methodists had to endure, and it breathes throughout the spirit which becomes a follower of Christ."

Britain's Future Corn Supply: Foreign or Canadian. By ROBT. WILKES (late member of the Dominion Parliament). Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co., and all booksellers.

In this able pamphlet Mr. Wilkes discusses the problems of the Development of our North-west Territory, and the Corn Supply of the British people. He shows that Britain is dependent for food chiefly upon the United States and Russia, which countries might possibly become hostile. He shows, also, by copious evidence the exhaustless fertility of our new territories, and urges the investment of British capital and labour in the development of our own territory, so as to secure limitless resources of food supply. He concludes his eloquent pamphlet, whose perusal cannot fail to stir the patriotic pulses in the heart of every reader, as follows:

"Here, then, is a great opportunity for English statesmen. By a moderate investment they can inaugurate a system that will furnish desirable employment to a large section of their own people; and that, in a few years, will produce from British soil, breadstuffs, provisions and cattle enough to support Britain's utmost necessities, and make her mistress of the food markets of the world.

"Britain can thus relieve herself from dependence, either in time of war or peace, on hostile or rival nations. She can witness in one generation the unprecedented growth of a prosperous and loyal people sprung from her own loins, and enjoying the legitimate development of her own institutions. She can thus span the American Continent, and afterwards girdle the earth with a chain of British peoples, speaking

her language, enjoying her literature, her institutions of civil and religious liberty, and, in spite of her faults and the calumnies of her detractors, become more than any other nation a blessing to her own race and to all the peoples of the world."

The admirable coloured map of the Dominion, which accompanies it, is alone worth the price of the pamphlet. The above notice was written before the tragic death of Mr. Wilkes, to which we refer elsewhere.

Neville Trueman, the Pioneer Preacher: A Tale of the War of 1812. By the Rev. W. H. WITHROW, M.A. Pp. 244. Wm. Briggs, Toronto, and Methodist Book-Rooms. Price 75 cents.

The first requisite of an intelligent patriotism is an acquaintance with the more striking events in the history of one's country. To furnish the means of forming such an acquaintance and to teach important moral lessons, was the author's object in writing this story. He has endeavoured, as he states in the preface, to present certain phases of Canadian life during the heroic struggle against foreign invasion in which the fathers and founders of Canada bore so brave a part. It will be found, we think, that the Canadian Methodism of those troublous times was not less patriotic than pious. While our fathers feared God, they also honoured the King, and loved their country, and many of them died in its defence. Reverently let us mention their names; lightly let us tread upon their ashes; faithfully let us cherish their memory, and sedulously let us imitate their virtues.

A good deal of pains has been taken, by the careful study of the most authentic memoirs, documents and histories referring to the period, and by frequent conversations with some of the principal actors in the stirring drama of the time, to make the story as true and life-like as possible. It is hoped that it will circulate largely in our

Sunday-schools, that the young Canadians of to-day may learn the heroism and piety of their forefathers. It is hoped, too, that the narrative of the conversion of Zenas Drayton and of Captain Villiers may lead others in like manner to seek and find the Saviour, and that Canadian girls of the present generation will emulate the beauty of character and conduct of the fair Katharine Drayton. The account of the old-fashioned Quarterly Meeting and revival in war-time should have its lesson for all times. The Editor of "The Girl's Own Paper," published by the London Tract Society, has thought this book of sufficient merit to republish a copious extract from its pages, illustrated by engravings.

China and Corea, Historical and Descriptive. By CHARLES H. EDEN. London: Marcus Ward & Co., and Methodist Book-Room. Pp. 334; numerous illustrations. Price \$1 50.

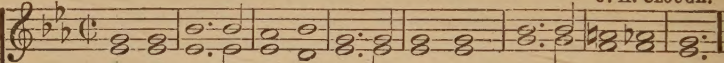
This is the best compendious and popular account of China, with the teeming millions of its population, that we have seen. It records briefly its history, and describes the institutions and religion of the country, its manners and customs, festivals, great cities, literature, science and architecture. An Appendix gives a succinct account of the little known region of Corea. The engravings are numerous and admirable. But the book has one serious omission. It gives no account of Christian mission work in the Flowery Empire, the subject of greater interest to Christian readers than any other.

John Lovell, of Montreal, published on the 18th ult. his *Advanced Geography* for the use of Schools and Colleges, edited by a gentleman residing in Ontario. In its 148 pages will be found a large quantity of useful information relating to the countries of the world, embellished with 45 coloured maps and 210 illustrations. It will be on sale at the bookstores. Price \$1.50.

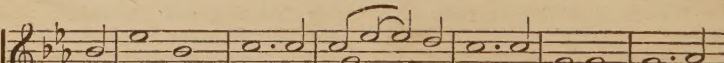
Words by Dean STANLEY (by permission.)

MASTER! IT IS GOOD TO BE.

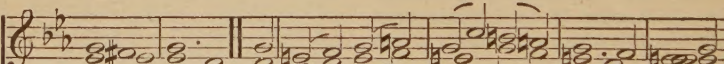
J. H. CLOUGH.



1. Mas-ter! it is good to be High on the mountain here with Thee;

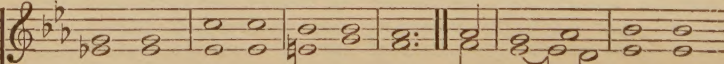


Here, in an am-pler pu-er air, A-bove the stir of

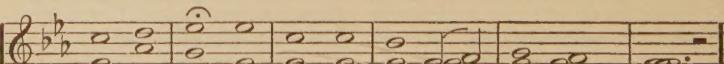


toil and care, Of hearts, op-pressed with doubt and grief, Be-

Org. ped. *High* *High* *High* *High*



-liev-ing in their un-be-lief, Call-ing Thy ser-vants



all in vain, To ease them of their bit-ter pain.

- 2 Master! it is good to be
Where rest the souls that dwell with Thee;
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
The great old saints of other days,
Who once received on Horeb's height
The eternal laws of truth and right
Or caught the still small whisper, higher
Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.
- 3 Master! it is good to be
With Thee, and with Thy faithful three;
Here, where the apostle's heart of rock,
Is nerved against temptation's shock;

Here, where the son of thunder learns [burns;
The thought that breathes, the word that
Here, where on eagles' wings we move
With Him, whose last, best word is love.

- 4 Master! it is good to be
Here on the holy mount with Thee,
When darkening in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly voice,
Which bids bewildered souls rejoice;
Though love wax cold, and faith grow dim,
This is My Son: O hear ye Him!



REV. JOHN POTTS, D.D.